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CHAPLIN AND THE LITTLE GUY

★

ATOMIC WAR
R. H. S. Crossman

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Once More Unto the Brink

AMERICA'S decision to fly arms into Jordan is a terribly dangerous gamble. From its inception the Eisenhower Doctrine was an antiquated piece of cold war machinery, incapable of dealing with a situation which called for the subtle tactics and long-term strategy of the age of 'peaceful competition'. There are good reasons for believing that Russia will not commit an unprovoked act of aggression in the Middle East, and there is no evidence that the Kremlin has attempted to subvert any of the Arab nationalist regimes in order to replace them by Communist dictatorships. Action of either kind would entail the threat of a general war, which Russia has shown a consistent anxiety to avoid. What is more to the point, she can gain her objectives in the Middle East by much less dangerous means.

The real weakness of the western position in this area arises from the fact that we cannot pay for the friendship of its inhabitants in the only currencies which they value: unlimited support for their nationalist aspirations and unlimited hostility to Israel. Our policy has been hamstrung by two overriding commitments: the need to maintain peace between Israel and her neighbours, and hence a balance of arms, and the need to preserve a feudal political structure which alone guarantees western control of the area's oil resources and the Middle East segment of America's periphery of bases. Russia suffers from no such handicaps. She can send in arms without regard to the uses to which they will be put. And she can sponsor and finance Arab nationalism, without demanding a political return, because she knows it is inherently hostile to western interests.

Nevertheless, for a time it seemed as if the Doctrine would succeed in freezing the area in a pro-western mould. America wrenched Saudi Arabia from the positive neutralist orbit, staged a successful counter-revolution in Jordan, won a striking victory in the Lebanese elections. Meanwhile there was apparent hesitation in Moscow, a curious reluctance to pursue the policy inaugurated by the Egyptian arms deal. Then, last month, Russia abruptly reverted to the tactics of peaceful competition with the Syrian agreement. Syria is to become a gigantic shop window for Russia in the Middle East: America's aid agreements, to be paid for on a political hire-purchase system, are to be exposed to the fierce competition of Russia's best-sellers—offensive arms against Israel, capital goods on long-term credit without strings. How long will it take before Syria's neighbours are tempted to join the queue?

And what can America do? The Doctrine was not designed to respond to such a challenge. It is a cold war instrument. The only answer, as Washington sees it, is therefore to transform a peaceful competition situation into one in which cold war reflexes would apply: then the Doctrine would make sense. Hence the calculated hysteria in the State Department. Hence Mr Henderson's 'trouble shooting' mission to Istanbul and Beirut (it is significant that he made no attempt to visit Damascus to discover the truth about the situation there). Hence the movements of the Sixth Fleet. Hence the theatrical air-lift to Jordan.

We hope that Eisenhower fully understands the risks he is taking. Nasser has now, as was inevitable, thrown his full weight behind Syria. Throughout the Arab world the machinery of nationalist agitation is grinding into motion. In their desperate attempt to remove a government which does not fit into the cold war pattern they have designed for the Middle East, the Americans may end by wrecking the tenuous bridgeheads—in Jordan, in Saudi Arabia, in Iraq—which the West still holds there. Nor is this the only risk. The latest Dulles and Eisenhower statements have significantly enlarged America's military commitments and multiplied the contingencies in which she will intervene. They have now drawn the inevitable response from Moscow—a 'pre-ultimatum' very similar to Bulganin's threat during the Suez adventure. The anxiety of both world powers to avoid war remains, no doubt, undiminished. But America is taking a 'calculated risk' in an area whose emotions and responses are themselves incalculable, and against a world background of rising tension, in which the slender bridges of negotiation between the two power blocs are being ruthlessly hewn away.

Comments on the Week's News

Tito and Gomulka

The Polish mission to Yugoslavia is much more important than the usual run of diplomatic visits. Mr Gomulka and President Tito know that they have common problems of survival, and the closer they stand together the stronger their bargaining position. If, indeed, as a despatch from our Rome correspondent suggests, the 'anti-party' faction in the USSR is still strong enough to challenge Krushchev, both Gomulka and Tito may find themselves in new difficulties before long, and in their private talks they are doubtless discussing what common action they can take. This gives particular point to their statements on Poland's western frontiers. So long as these frontiers are recognised only by the Communist countries, Poland is tied tightly to Moscow. There can be no loosening of Soviet power, no move towards a neutralised belt in Europe, until the West accepts the Oder-Neisse line. And this is what President Tito said in plain terms at Belgrade airport on Tuesday. There are, of course, other great obstacles to any form of Soviet withdrawal—the Hungarian situation is one of the most formidable—but this project cannot be advanced at all while the Polish frontier depends solely upon the good will of Moscow. Since this also raises the problem of the two Germanys, no progress can be made except at the great power level. But both Tito and Gomulka have made it clear that a more reasonable western attitude towards the Oder-Neisse line would be one way of reducing tension and thereby giving them more elbow-room. The western powers should now take the hint.

West Germany to the Polls

On the eve of the West German election it is still possible to find a very few prophets who do not entirely rule out the possibility of a Social-democratic victory—and a good many more who do not take for granted a clear-cut Adenauer majority. The Social Democrats themselves seem to take a much more cautious view of their prospects, the general expectation in official party circles being about 36 per cent. of the vote for the SPD and something over 40 per cent. for Adenauer. The comparable average figures derived from the public opinion polls last week-end suggested 38 per cent. and 46 per cent. respectively. What seems sure is that Adenauer's present Bundestag majority will fall. Where does the increased strength of the SPD lie? The party does not expect to pick up more than about 100,000 of the 600,000 erstwhile Communist votes; but it does expect to do well among the young people, and observers have noted a high percentage of young voters at SPD meetings and—significantly—enthusiastic support for the party's pledge to abolish conscription. This firm commitment, indeed, might prove a formidable stumbling block if the voting results were to suggest negotiations for a coalition between the SPD and the Free Democrats. Far the most likely outcome, however, is another Adenauer victory; and many responsible Social Democrats seem content with a further spell of opposition, substantially stronger, they hope, than before, at a time when the Christian Democrat government will have to face plenty of trouble of its own making. Four years hence, when Adenauer is no longer *Bundeskanzler* (it is assumed in Bonn that, even if his health is maintained, he will succeed Dr Heuss in the Presidency in 1959), the prospects for the Socialists may look much brighter and clearer.

Tranquil TUC

Both Mr Cousins and Mr Campbell came away from Blackpool to prepare wage claims for their transport workers and railwaymen respectively. These claims will be the most immediately important consequence of the TUC's rejection of any form of wage control: the Blackpool congress, indeed, will be remembered for its unanimous endorsement of the Cousins' industrial policy. What the unions do about wages in the next year matters more than resolutions about pensions, H-bombs, European security, wire-tapping and the admission of China to the UN. Yet, in dismissing most of the proceedings as dull, most press comment fails to understand what has caused the contrast between this congress and some of its predecessors. For many years TUC meetings were enlivened by a knockabout act between a predominantly right-wing General Council and the articulate Communists on the floor. The 'centre'—which broadly corresponded to the views of constituency Labour parties—was present, but it was for the most part inarticulate and leaderless. Too often Socialists had to support the platform because the only alternative was to support the Communist line. Two things have now happened: the Communists have been weakened and discredited by events abroad, and the rise of Mr Cousins and some other younger men has robbed the Communists of their monopoly of militancy. At Blackpool, therefore, the Communists mostly contented themselves with shuffling in the wake of the T & GW, while the General Council members who distrust the new men sat silent lest, by opposing, they should court overwhelming defeat. With the Communists and the 'elder statesmen' of the movement thus immobilised, there was nothing to argue about, nor anyone to argue it. This break-through by the left-centre seems almost too easy: the question that remains unanswered is where Mr Cousins proposes to lead his motorised divisions.

Labour on Automation

The Labour Party Executive's report on automation, published on Monday, is an interim document, to be followed by a further report to next year's conference. Its most important conclusion is that the slowness of the machine tool industry in adapting itself to the new demands indicates the need to 'consider some measure of public ownership'. This is far from precise, but obviously ties in with the plan of the Shipbuilding and Engineering Trades Confederation for partial nationalisation of the engineering industry. The report deprecates the exaggerated hopes and fears that have been aroused by popular presentations of the problem, and states its view that many millions of jobs can hardly be adapted to automation within any reasonably foreseeable period. Pointing out that, in some cases where it can be applied, automation involves a ratio of labour saving to capital cost quite different from that of past technical advances, the report indicates the need to adapt the educational and training structure to meet a different type of demand, as many types of unskilled and semi-skilled machine minders are superseded by the new techniques. It stresses the need for intelligent management to act in close co-operation with the workers affected and their trade unions, and poses four key questions—which is does not attempt to answer. These are: how far is management capable of the imaginative enterprise and willingness to invest which is necessary if automation is to be introduced on an adequate scale? How widespread is the enlightened approach to the problem of co-operative industrial relations which is required from management? How receptive are British workers to new ideas and how ready to cultivate new skills? How effectively can trade union machinery be adapted to respond to new demands that may be made upon it? These questions can be answered only after specific enquiry and investigation; and this the Labour Party committee is clearly not in a position to undertake.

The Status of Southern Rhodesia

Mr Garfield Todd has recently been reported as saying that the time has now come for the removal of the remaining restrictions on the Southern Rhodesian constitution, and that this view has been conveyed to the British government. This proposal, innocent on the surface, has a direct bearing on the Central African Federation conference, due in 1960. In the original Federation Act, Southern Rhodesia received special consideration because she was a self-governing colony. Her status as such was protected by granting her 49 per cent. of the seats in the federal Assembly, though she had only a third of the federal population. No doubt the fact that her boundaries included the great majority of the Federation's Europeans also played its part in the decision. Be that as it may, it was this decision more than any other which gave grounds to the fears of domination by Southern Rhodesia among Africans of the northern territories. The same disproportion has been maintained in the present proposals for an enlarged federal Assembly. But whatever the arguments then and now, they will lose all validity when we come to discuss dominion status for the Federation as a whole. We look forward then to the two northern territories, with fully adequate African representation in their own legislatures, taking a predominant part in the federal Assembly. Lord Home is to visit Salisbury shortly to discuss these matters. He should beware of any concessions which might prejudice the redressing of the federal balance.

The Chatsworth Treasures

It is easy enough to sympathise with the Derbyshire local authorities who would like the Chatsworth art treasures to remain in Derbyshire – or with the *Manchester Guardian* which, understandably, advocates 'the general region of Chatsworth – say in Manchester or Sheffield' – as a stimulus to tourism and a sop to local pride. But to sympathise is not to agree. The eight works of art have been given to the nation as the result of a mutually satisfactory bargain over estate duties between the Treasury and the Chatsworth Trustees; and the essence of that bargain is that national ownership shall mean maximum public enjoyment. Beyond doubt, the galleries in which

they are now distributed – the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert, the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery – are from the public point of view the most suitable and convenient homes for them. It is in London that they can be most widely viewed by both scholars and the general public from home and from overseas; and it is in London that they can be most safely and economically kept. In a country the size of the UK, where pretty well everybody interested in art has reasonably easy access to London, it is good policy that national treasures should in general be concentrated in the London galleries. There are, of course, exceptions where particular objects fit with special appropriateness into a provincial gallery, or where the disadvantage of breaking up a collection would outweigh the convenience of housing some of its component works in London. But the general guiding rule should be that articles which are primarily of local interest, or have strong local connections, should be collected in the main provincial galleries, while those which can truly be described as national treasures should be cared for and displayed in the capital. This does not of course prevent their being lent, where suitable, for exhibition outside London on particular occasions. Only in the most exceptional circumstances is it reasonable that such works should continue to be housed by – and indirectly attract revenue for – the private owners who have voluntarily chosen this relatively painless means of paying their taxes.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Los Angeles

Five Spanish Sailors

A Correspondent writes from Los Angeles: On 4 July 1957 five young Spaniards of Franco's navy, on regular shore leave from their ships anchoring in San Ysidro, California, crossed the Mexican border into Tijuana and asked for political asylum. While in custody they had two visitors: the Spanish captain of one of the destroyers and an officer of the US Navy. How they managed to be permitted to enter Mexico while they were both wearing uniform is a mystery, for the Mexican government does not recognise the Franco regime. The two officers, in the presence of a Mexican immigration official who, incidentally, now has been relieved of his post, talked to the Spanish sailors and tried to persuade them to return voluntarily to their ships. They even promised that nothing would happen to the young Spaniards and that they would be given a five-day shore leave in San Diego. The sailors refused.

Then something strange happened. They were made to sign a document in English, a language they do not understand, in which they 'asked' to be returned to the US. All five later testified that the document had never been translated to them. Despite their protests they were then handed over to US Marines who prepared to take them back to their ships: the Mexican official had ruled against their demand for asylum. When the story appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* a member of the American Civil Liberties Union happened to read it, called the Union's lawyer, A. L. Wirin, and got him to institute *habeas corpus* proceedings. Federal Judge Thurmon Clarke ruled on 1 August that the sailors should be returned to their ship as military deserters under a Spanish-American treaty of 1902, but he granted a ten-day stay so that an appeal could be preferred to the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco. The US Navy was ordered to relinquish custody of the sailors to the US Immigration Service, which is holding them now.

On 12 August the Appeals Court in San Francisco held the first hearings. Meanwhile the Mexican government had notified the court that it had reversed its previous position and that it would now consider the sailors eligible for political asylum if they again entered Mexico at any port of entry. On 13 August the Court gave the sailors a stay of deportation until their appeal was finally determined.

The US government pleaded that it was 'honour-bound' to fulfil the 'solemn pledge' given in the 1902 treaty with Spain and turn the sailors over to the Spanish navy. To refuse to do so, argued the US Attorney, would 'gravely jeopardise this country's relations with other friendly nations'. Mr Wirin pointed out that the treaty of 1902 had been amended in 1908 specifically to exclude persons who asked for political asylum from being extradited. In addition Mr Wirin called the attention of the court to the fact that even if this was considered a case of military desertion, the act had not been commited on American soil, but on the territory of Mexico, since the shore leave of the five sailors did not expire until after they had crossed the Mexican border. Two of the sailors, the other three concurring in their testimony, declared through an interpreter that they had never intended to stay in the United States, that they had planned all along to go to Mexico, whose government in the past had given refuge to many anti-Franco Spaniards. Both declared that, if they were handed over to the Spanish navy, they would get at least six years in a military prison.

One incident which occurred during the hearings in San Francisco highlights the international implications of the case. It was related by Mr Wirin at a public protest meeting in Los Angeles – sponsored, among others, by a former Attorney-General of California. According to Mr Wirin, a high government official approached him to ask whether he would agree to a deal whereby the sailors would be allowed quietly to slip over the Mexican border. Wirin reluctantly accepted. But an hour later the same government official told him the deal was off because in the meantime the Spanish Embassy in Washington had put on the pressure, insisting that the sailors be handed over to their ship's captain.

The five young Spaniards have committed no crime, nor have they stolen military equipment. The US is not even asked to give them asylum. All they want is to be allowed to return to Mexico, which now offers them asylum and from where they were shanghaied against their will into the United States. The case poses some grave questions. Does the right to political asylum in the US exist only for refugees from Communist countries? Since when is it the function of the US Navy to chase political refugees over the border of a friendly neighbouring country? Does the State Department consider the goodwill of neighbouring Mexico, one of the few truly democratic countries in Latin America, less important than the tender feelings of its newest 'ally', Franco? The answers to these questions – the case is still in the courts – are awaited here with more than casual interest.

Washington

After Wisconsin

Republican leaders seem convinced that the stunning results of Wisconsin's special Senatorial election are a great lesson to them even if they can't agree on what the lesson is. Their bewilderment is understandable. To fill the seat of the late Joseph R. McCarthy, the voters of his state not only chose a Democrat, for the first time since the Roosevelt landslide of 1932, but an unrepentant New Deal Democrat.

The party's right-wingers, pointing out that Governor Kohler, the defeated Republican candidate, had run as an Eisenhower man, have been rather bitterly citing the debacle as a repudiation of the President, either because of his 'Modern Republicanism' or, as the New York *Daily News* has it, for his 'ungenerous, ungallant, and unfair treatment of Senator McCarthy'. On the other hand, moderates like Wisconsin's senior Senator Wiley read the results as a sign that the Administration's Republicanism is not nearly modern enough. Farm prices are too low, Wiley says, and living costs too high, and nothing is being done about either.

With the party thus cleanly divided on the cause of the rout, its professionals have moved quickly to gloss over the differences. The trouble, they say, was just the division itself – and never mind the reasons for it. According to Vice-President Nixon, 'It was the old story of a united, vigorous minority . . . defeating a divided, bickering over-confident majority'. Meade Alcorn, the party's national chairman, warns that further defeats face it unless it forgets its squabbles.

The spirit that temporarily binds a Knowland to an Eisenhower is possible, however, only in a national election, and 1960 is still three years away. Until it is upon us and the party is committed for the presidential campaign, the chances are strong that the quarrelling will grow even more violent between the back-to-McKinley faction and those political kinsmen of the British Tory who in the days of the Attlee government is supposed to have said, 'Wait till we get back in power, we'll show them how Socialism *should* be run'.

The Democratic triumph comes at an embarrassing moment for Republican leaders in charge of strategy for next year's Congressional elections. Recalling the startling success Harry Truman scored in 1948 by blasting the Republicans' 'Do-Nothing 80th Congress', they had been preparing to exploit the indifferent record of the Democratic-controlled 85th in much the same fashion. *Time* magazine, which in its own coy way manages to fit in with the Republican scheme of things, was all ready with a summary of the session's shortcomings under the head 'The Do-Little 85th Congress'. Unfortunately, the image of a Republican President struggling manfully against a bulky Democratic Congress had already been dimmed when Mr Eisenhower invited the two opposition leaders, Speaker Rayburn and Senator Johnson, to the White House to ask their help in putting through his foreign aid programme. It was clear that he needed all the Democratic support he could get in order to offset defections in his own party.

Conceding that Proxmire owes his victory in part to the in-fighting of Republican factions, Democrats have reason to rejoice. Not only was his margin too great to be explained away solely by factionalism, but to whatever degree that helped him, it should help Democrats elsewhere.

ROBERT BENDINER

Rome

Togliatti in Danger

Our Rome Correspondent writes: When Togliatti comes back from his summer holidays he will find that the Stalinists have been playing while the cat was away. Relegated to the Central Control Commission, where it was hoped they would do no further damage, the Stalinists were supposed to have been stuffed and placed in the Marxist-Leninist museum. But Scoccimarro, D'Onofrio and Colombi have decided that their day is not yet over. Their friends are Molotov, Malenkov and Kaganovich. They continue to despise Krushchev and they have now turned their guns on Togliatti. Togliatti is gradually destroying the Italian CP, they say. Party membership has dropped from two to one and a half millions. The party seems to lack any clear-cut policy. All this, say the Stalinists, is the result of Togliatti's inability to make up his mind.

The party's brightest young deputy, Giolitti, resigned a few weeks ago. Intellectuals like Italo Calvino, the Turinese writer, are leaving the party hand over fist. They have now been joined by the Milanese publisher, Feltrinelli. Meanwhile the internal revolt of the intellectuals continues and Tommaso Chiaretti and all the editorial staff of his communist magazine *Citta Aperta* (Open City) have been called before the Control Commission. Chiaretti says he has a right to criticise the party in public. The Control Commission says not.

But what has given the Scoccimarro group the nerve to affront Togliatti and take the law into their own hands against the intellectuals (while Togliatti would rather have let these episodes slide)? Many Italian Communists have taken their summer holidays in the USSR. To most western European Communists it seemed, after the elimination of the Molotov group, that Krushchev was firmly established in power, but many of these Italians returned to Rome to spread doubts about the stability of the Krushchev régime. The battle was far from over, they said. This bucked up Scoccimarro, D'Onofrio and Colombi no end. They had nothing to lose anyway, now that Togliatti, out of obsequiousness to Krushchev, had put them to one side. So they have started a counter-attack, in preparation for Krushchev's fall.

The leaders of the World Federation of Trade Unions appear to be of the same opinion as the Scoccimarro group in Italy, in spite of the fact that Di Vittorio, President of WFTU, is openly pro-Krushchev and pro-Tito. The general secretary of WFTU, Louis Saillant, from his ivory tower in Prague, continues to ignore all pressure for a change in the WFTU. At the October WFTU Congress, to be held in Leipzig, Moscow will have to arbitrate.

Show-down at Little Rock

ONE question has gone unanswered ever since the US Supreme Court ruled that the South must abolish segregated school systems 'with all deliberate speed'. What can be done if a local or state authority should defy a specific court order to admit Negro pupils? No one has so far offered an answer because there have been ways to avoid the direct question. Either a case has been turned back into the complex machine of American justice, or, as in Tennessee and Kentucky last year, local opposition collapsed short of outright defiance. But everyone knew that sooner or later an answer would have to be given – and the longer the federal courts could put off the day of decision the better the chance of avoiding a head-on clash that would rouse and unify the South.

Now, sooner than had been hoped, a direct challenge has been made. Governor Faubus of Arkansas, using the pretext that 'it will not be possible to restore or maintain order if forcible integration' is carried out at Little Rock Central High school, has called out militia 'to preserve the public peace' by excluding Negro children from the school. This has provoked a crisis which could be the turning point in the de-segregation campaign—and a crisis which raises delicate questions of political tact as well as complex legal problems. If the governor of Arkansas can successfully defy both a federal court and Washington he will have made it virtually impossible to enforce the Supreme Court ruling throughout the South. If, on the other hand, he can provoke the federal government into forceful action, both states-righters and segregationists will rally behind him. Either way, he will have set a precedent which will block peaceful de-segregation. The problem for Judge Davies, and equally for President Eisenhower, has been to find a way out of that dilemma while upholding the authority of the federal government and the courts.

The tragedy of this case is that the governor's action was provocative and unnecessary. Arkansas is not like Mississippi or Georgia. On the contrary, several communities in the northern part of the state have integrated their schools without incident. And in Little Rock, the buses and some eating places are already non-segregated. It is a booming town, anxious to attract northern industry and to avoid racial tensions that might make northern businessmen unwilling to risk their capital. Indeed its mayor, Woodrow W. Mann, has attacked the governor for his 'unwarranted interference' and made it clear that the calling out of the National Guard was a provocation to disorder, not a means of protecting life and property. Not a single case of interracial violence had been reported to his police officers, until the mobilisation of the militia created, he said, 'a state of anarchy'.

Little Rock was preparing to accept the Supreme Court's ruling. Unlike some school boards, which have resisted to the last, its board of education took the initiative two years ago in drawing up a plan for gradual de-segregation. It proposed to admit Negroes to the High schools this year, to Junior schools in 1960, and to Primary schools in 1963. Last year, the federal district court approved the plan. The National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People then took action on behalf of 33 complainants, arguing that the programme should be completed more quickly. This suit was rejected: the circuit court of appeals again endorsed the school board's plan, and the first 17 Negroes – who had been specially chosen because of their scholastic record and their ability to adjust to an integrated group – were due to register on 3 September. Most of Little Rock's civic, religious and business leaders had given their support to the proposals. The only opposition came from a group of white mothers, who petitioned a state court to stop the integration plan, and after hearing Governor Faubus, who sounded dire warnings against mob violence, the state court issued an injunction against integration. It was this court that Judge Davies overruled with a further injunction to restrain anybody from hindering the school board's integration programme. It is from the governor's defiance of that injunction that the present conflict between state and federal authority now springs.

There is no doubt that Governor Faubus set out to pick a quarrel. He had formerly a rather liberal reputation; but when he was running for re-election last year he was closely challenged by a racialist demagogue, and to cover his flank he took a firm stand against de-segregation. He is now having to make good his campaign promises. The simple but drastic course of action, at this point, would have been for the President to push the governor aside and assume command of the Arkansas National Guard – as he is entitled to do. Or he could have instructed federal troops to move in, or sent federal marshals to accompany the Negro pupils to school, or taken other forceful action to uphold federal law. But the simple course is not always the wisest or the most effective; such direct action might have played straight into the hands of extremists all over the South. That, no doubt, is why the President left the law in the hands of Judge Davies while he himself tried to feel his way through the politics of this crisis.

The judge, however, has also had to consider how to temper authority with discretion, and he must have hesitated before he issued his injunction last Tuesday against the governor and the officers commanding the Guard units. Since the hearing will not take place until 20 September, Judge Davies has given Governor Faubus a little more time to consider whether and how he shall abandon his position of defiance. But only tactics, not law, are at issue here. There is a quite clear Supreme Court ruling – it arises from a case in which a Texas governor called out troops to obstruct a decision of a federal court – that federal judges may review and enjoin a governor's use of troops in an emergency. Otherwise, as the Court said at the time, the *fiat* of a state governor, and not the US constitution, would be the supreme law of the land. So Governor Faubus has no legal right to resist.

Nor, in the end, has the President left him in doubt. Mr Eisenhower does not like talking tough. His administration has been open to criticism for its failure to put real teeth into the civil rights campaign, and last week the President provided a lamentable example of his ability to fall over backwards to see all round a question. Pointing out that 'you cannot change people's hearts merely by laws', he said of the racists of the South: 'There are very strong emotions expressed by people who see a picture of mongrelisation of the race, as they call it.' But, for all his desire for caution and compromise, Mr Eisenhower decided to take his stand, once the direct challenge was made to his authority.

It is time that this stand was made, whatever the need to conciliate the moderates in the South. It is not only the President's authority that is at stake; it is also the human rights of millions of Negroes. The dignity of Elizabeth Eckford, the 15-year-old girl who was the first to try to enter Central High, is as important as the dignity of Orval Faubus or the sensitivities of those who fear 'mongrelisation'. The Southerners have been given a great deal of time, but there are limits beyond which they cannot bait judges and presidents. The point of the exercise at Little Rock has been the effort of both sides to define where those limits lie.

Vicky in Wirtschaftswunderland

A CARTOON in the *Simplicissimus* depicted a gluttonous, bull-necked German surveying the left-overs of a gargantuan meal, lighting a cigar and saying: 'I'm as full as a pig. The question is what to eat now?' This devastating drawing appeared in 1907. But it would be an apt comment on Dr Adenauer's *Wirtschaftszwunderland* of 1957.

Visiting Germany for the first time for seven years, I was struck not only by her incredible recovery but by the almost indecent haste, greed, fanaticism and covetousness with which the average German chases after an ever increasing material wealth.

This famous '*Deutsche Wunder*' has become a magic term and the German wears it as proudly and ostentatiously as he once wore his party badge. Even those who do not get most out of the 'miracle' take pride in it and abstain with docility from asking for a bigger share of the cake they helped to bake. It is, after all, the workers of the Ruhr who have made Alfred Krupp the richest man in Europe (and recently staged a great celebration of their boss's 50th birthday) 12 years after he was condemned as a war criminal. It is indeed a far cry from those brave wartime plans for 'Internationalising the Ruhr' to the present 'Privatisation of Volkswagen'—one of the most successful of state enterprises.

But, surely, it is of no avail and somewhat undignified to point jealously at the German prosperity and accuse them of being 'bad creditors hoarding gold'. Once we accept the American plan to make the Bundesrepublic the showpiece

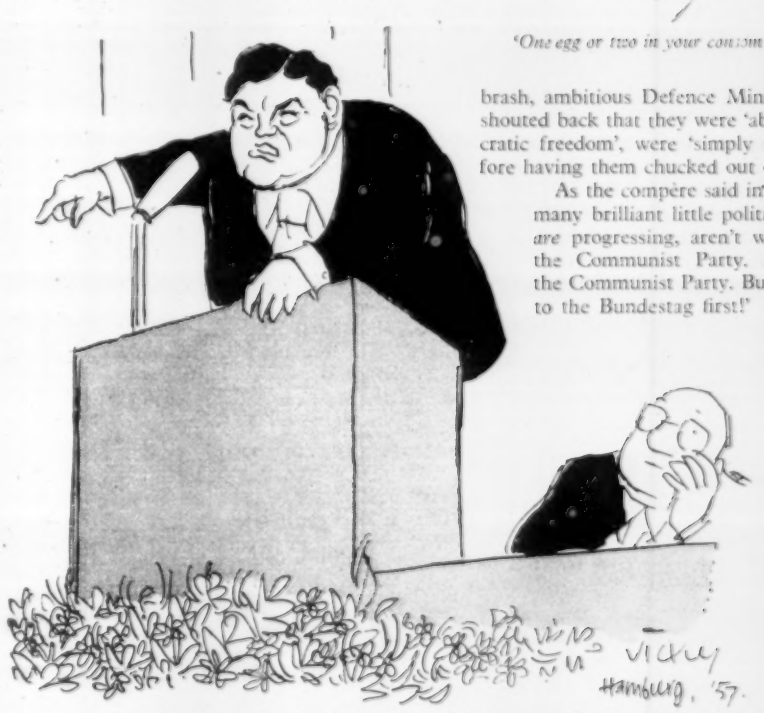
Prosperity for all

of 'Capitalist Free Economy' we cannot well complain that they are making it work—work at least for a time. For, as thoughtful Germans themselves say, even if there *are* miracles, miracles do not last for ever. This *Angst* and restlessness, no less than the traditional diligence of the Germans, explain their fanatical desire to 'have more'. In any case, memories of Berlin in the 1920's and 1930's leave me with the feeling that almost any excess to-day is less dangerous than the hungry, inflated Germany which followed the First World War.

It is on the theme of 'you've never had it so good' that the CDU is fighting the election. The smug, prosperous-looking, almost ridiculously type-cast Dr Ludwig Erhard proclaims from huge posters: 'Prosperity for All'; while from the hoardings the face of the 81-years-old Chancellor admonishes the people not to 'try any experiments.' He has stuck throughout his campaign to his banal and simple slogan: 'a vote for the SPD is a vote for Communism against Christianity and will bring about the downfall of Germany'.

If the Russians succumbed to the 'Cult of Personality' and the Americans developed the 'Father complex', then the Germans are indeed suffering from a 'Grandfather complex'. This time they *voluntarily* accept the leadership of a vain, headstrong authoritarian, who, as even some of his supporters admit, tends to treat parliament

'One egg or two in your consommé, Mein Herr?'



'We shall never recognise the Oder-Neisse line'.—Franz-Josef Strauss, 16 August 1957

—and indeed the lesser members of his own coalition—with contempt.

Is there then no opposition to this docile conformism? Are there no signs that the German has 'learned'? There *is* the courageous campaign by the Social Democrats—so weak and woolly on the home front—for a fresh approach to Russia on re-unification: and this in the face of much calculated obstruction from the Russians.

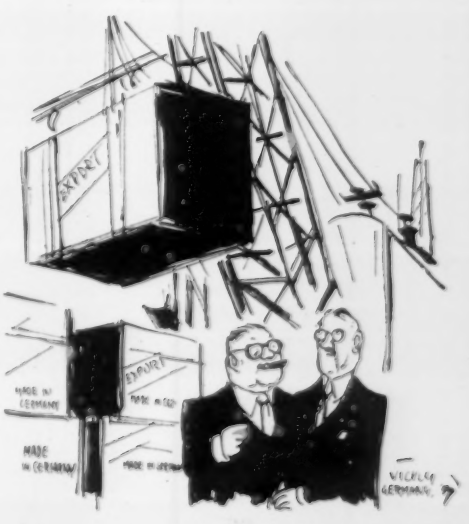
There *are* papers like *Die Welt* and *Der Spiegel* continuously pointing out that another four years of Dr Adenauer (which now seem assured) would perpetuate the division of Germany and might create the climate for an authoritarian one-party state.

There *was* the sensational success of the play *The Diary of Anne Franck*, which has been stunning large audiences all over Germany and has at last awakened people's consciences to the Nazi crimes.

There *was* the moving pilgrimage of thousands of young Germans to Belsen; and there was the—at least for me—exhilarating experience of hearing a large audience of young voters at a Hamburg election meeting booing and heckling the brash, ambitious Defence Minister Strauss, who shouted back that they were 'abusing their democratic freedom', were 'simply Communists'—before having them chucked out of the meeting.

As the compère said in one of Germany's many brilliant little political cabarets: 'We *are* progressing, aren't we? Hitler banned the Communist Party. Adenauer banned the Communist Party. But he didn't set fire to the Bundestag first!'

VICKY



'Why should anybody want to win the next war Herr Direktor?'

Grotius on Atomic War

WHEN an intelligent man makes a convincing analysis and then proceeds to draw a ridiculous conclusion, you can be pretty sure that some political or moral obstacle has blocked the main channel of his argument and forced it to issue in an absurdity. The sad case of Henry A. Kissinger is a perfect example of this kind of subconscious *reductio ad absurdum*. Here is a young man with a penetrating mind, who has had access to all the relevant facts about nuclear weapons and American foreign policy. Yet the conclusion of his long and absorbing study is the proposal that the Soviet Union should be induced to accept an unwritten convention for limiting nuclear warfare and so permitting the Americans to wage it safely!

This is all the more depressing in that *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (Oxford: Harper; 40s.) is the quintessence of US high-level thinking on this subject. Seldom can there have been a more 'select' committee than the bunch of soldiers, scientists and administrators who were invited by the American Council on Foreign Affairs to collate the facts about nuclear strategy. The committee sat for 18 months, and then very sensibly decided that, instead of drafting a futile compromise document, it would encourage its able young secretary, Mr Kissinger, to summarise its findings in a book, for which he would assume personal responsibility. The result is the most authoritative study of American strategic thinking since the Oppenheimer transcript.

To start with, Mr Kissinger describes to us how the Pentagon has given military reality to the Dulles doctrine of massive retaliation. Its reaction to the Korean episode was – never again. Since then, the only kind of war for which the US has been preparing is an all-out war, to be won in the first 24 hours by an all-out nuclear attack on the Soviet Union. This attack – which, of course, is always assumed to be a retaliation for a Communist Pearl Harbour – would at present take place from the ring of overseas bases which now run from Iceland, Canada and Alaska through Okinawa and the Philippines to Saudi Arabia, Morocco and Spain, and finally to the main atomic base in Great Britain. American thought and money have all been concentrated on ensuring that this all-out attack would succeed. Training in the Strategic Air Force, Mr Kissinger reveals, is now so specialised that each crew only knows how to reach its own special target in the Soviet Union. And he adds:

> There will not even be the moral consolation that a Soviet surprise attack will appear unambiguous to world opinion. Given the distribution of the base system, our retaliatory blow is likely to reach Soviet territory before the first Soviet planes have reached their targets after crossing the Distant Early Warning Line.

One result of the Pentagon's concentration on massive retaliation is that Congress is unwilling to appropriate dollars for limited war preparations. As a result, there has been a crazy competition between the three services, with each trying to get the job of delivering the all-out blow and so make sure of the biggest appropriation. This has left the US with virtually no power, either offensive or defensive, in anything less than an all-out war. The Eisenhower Doctrine, for instance, might require the movement by air of an American division to the Middle East. Mr Kissinger tells us that, owing to the refusal of Congress to vote the money for an Army Transport Command, this would involve at present the mobilisation of every aeroplane in the United States for 30 days, including the civil air reserve.

Mr Kissinger clinches his analysis with an analogy. The role of the nuclear deterrent in nuclear war corresponds, he says, to the role of the fleet-in-being in traditional naval strategy. The Grand Fleet was vital to British sea power; but what would one have thought of the Admiralty if it had concentrated on battleships – and nothing else? Moreover, whereas there was a balance of naval power, which could be altered if one side outbuilt the other, what we face now is a nuclear stalemate. That stalemate is not a product of nuclear parity: indeed, it will not be altered by a decisive technological breakthrough (the Russsian construction of the inter-continental missile, for instance), provided that the other side still retains sufficient nuclear power to destroy the possessor of the new weapon. This is why the American determination at all costs to keep ahead of the Russians in the nuclear arms race is so wasteful and debilitating. As for our little stockpile of British H-bombs and hundred odd British H-bombers – strategically all these assets are a total loss.

I believe that this demolition of the all-out strategy is unanswerable; and it applies just as devastatingly to the Duncan Sandys defence policy. But what does Mr Kissinger put in its place? His proposal is that, while America should maintain a Great Deterrent, equal priority should now be given to the provision of forces capable of fighting limited nuclear wars. The grand nuclear striking force should be kept out of sight, like the Grand Fleet, while all over the world American diplomacy is backed by mobile forces, equipped with tactical nuclear weapons.

Two reasons are given why the western world should adopt this strategy. First, the wide range of nuclear weapons required by a limited war is beyond the capacity of any but a highly industrialised nation. Secondly, the mobile and dispersed forces with which it will be fought require of the soldier the essentially democratic qualities of individual initiative, self-reliance and spontaneity. From this Mr Kissinger concludes that, so far from seeking to limit membership of the nuclear club to the super-powers, Washington should welcome the prospect that nuclear weapons will soon be available to every nation – in the confidence that only the US and its western allies are fully capable of using them.

But what is to prevent limited nuclear war developing into all-out nuclear war? Unless he can solve this problem, Mr Kissinger's whole argument collapses. He solves it by the assertion that, while the Pentagon develops a spectrum of nuclear tactical weapons, the State Department must persuade the Russians to accept an unwritten convention for the conduct of limited war. Adopting the role of a 20th century Grotius, Mr Kissinger proclaims the rules of nuclear war:

> We might propose that neither bases of the opposing strategic air forces nor towns above a certain size would be attacked, provided these bases would not be used to support tactical operations and that the towns would not contain military installations useful against armed forces.

There are pages more of this kind of absurdity – all based on the assumption that, whereas the Russians will not agree to any control or limitation of armaments, they will agree to fight limited wars under rules drawn up in order to ensure an American victory! In one passage Mr Kissinger honestly admits that this proposal is not the only possibility, and that there is another strategy available to the West:

> If limited nuclear war is, as some say, a contradiction in terms, then the whole thrust of our military policy toward developing a diversified nuclear establishment is meaningless and dangerous. *We should then place our reliance on the most fearful application of our power to deter all-out war and on preparing conventional forces for limited wars.*

Of course, this was the obvious conclusion, to which Mr Kissinger's analysis irresistibly pointed. The obstacle which prevented him from reaching it was, I think, an amalgam of a deep-seated instinct and a political decision. Instinctively, the American people revolts against the idea of waging war with any but the most modern weapons; and it will always feel that American boys should not be asked to risk their lives in close combat against the enemy, if he can be destroyed at a distance by a weapon of mass destruction. It was in response to this national instinct that the Administration committed itself to equipping its forces with nuclear tactical weapons. Mr Kissinger is certain that we shall never again see an American army or an American fleet which relies exclusively on conventional weapons. And that is why the Kremlin will retain its capacity to fight non-nuclear wars and use that capacity when it chooses to call our nuclear bluff.

There is one way out of the impasse. Just because the Americans are committed to nuclear weapons, there is no reason whatsoever why America's allies should go the same way. Indeed, there is every reason why Britain and the other European members of Nato should draw the opposite conclusion from Mr Kissinger's analysis. I am arguing, in fact, that, in view of the inherent American inability to dispense with nuclear weapons, it is essential that America's allies should concentrate their efforts on building up conventional defences. This is the natural and obvious division of labour inside Nato. For, if it is against the American national instinct and national interest to renounce nuclear weapons, the renunciation of their production and use is something to which every European would instinctively respond and which would also increase our national security.

No one will deny that such a proposal, coming from Britain, would have an immense response, not only in France but, even more, in West Germany, where the aversion to nuclear arms is still immense. What Mr Kissinger's remarkable book has done is to provide an authoritative demonstration that the proposal would also be acceptable to the Pentagon and the State Department. At present they are reluctantly permitting us to indulge in nuclear *folies de grandeur* and forcing the Germans to become a nuclear menace. But, if only Britain were voluntarily to give the lead in renouncing nuclear weapons, how relieved the Americans would be! In that case they could give up this ridiculous idea that limited nuclear warfare is possible and rely on their old-fashioned European allies to provide the essential old-fashioned defence forces which are so repugnant to their own national tradition.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NEXT WEEK

The New School Tie

A special Supplement containing a full-scale investigation by Judith Hubback into the efforts being made to improve education in the secondary modern schools

London Diary

THE Soviet answer to the UN report on Hungary is (a) that there wasn't any repression, (b) that it was justified, and (c) that we are all just as bad. People who are suspicious of the UN report should re-read the correspondence in this journal last autumn by a number of eye-witnesses, including Communists and fellow-travellers, who completely dispose of the Russian version and of the plea of justification. As for the third reply – 'yah, what about Suez, Algeria, Cyprus and Oman?' – the answer, apart from obvious differences in the various cases, is that a dozen bloody wrongs wouldn't anyway make one bloody right. Moreover Britain and France did clear out of Egypt when they were told. It is Suez, of course, which has really weakened the western case and presented Russia with an effective propaganda weapon for use in the uncommitted world. But the fact that all but two of the Asian-African bloc refused to support the resolution condemning Russia does not mean that they approve Soviet action. It means that, as ex-colonial countries, they regard the western powers as hypocrites and anyway refuse to be drawn into the cold war. Brinkmanship is an American, not a small power, policy, and on this matter Nehru's speech in Delhi last Monday was truly representative of Asian opinion. Is there anything the UN can do? We are now in a world in which war is no remedy for any evil. Generous emotions must seek a saner outlet. The query is whether anything practical can follow the suggestion that seems to have been smuggled out of jail by a Hungarian ex-minister, who urges that, troubled by the wide disaffection in eastern Europe, the Russians might be prepared to negotiate at least a limited withdrawal.

* * *

Could the Wolfenden Committee have learnt from foreign experience? Since the war, most countries have abandoned the old system of state toleration and control, and now treat prostitution, or at least soliciting, as a crime. The brothels have been shut in France, Belgium, West Germany for some years. They are now legal in very few European countries, including Italy and Austria. Last year two more countries, Spain and Japan, joined the ranks of the 'abolitionists'. Except on the Mediterranean coast, prostitution is illegal throughout Africa. The entire Communist world and most free Asian countries are also, in theory at least, abolitionist. The most backward part of the world, in this respect, seems to be South America, which provides the only case – Argentina – in which brothels have been re-established after a period of suppression. The most convincing argument for their retention – that they facilitate control of venereal disease – has been largely destroyed by the new antibiotics. French experience shows that between 1946 and 1951, the incidence of syphilis fell by 90 per cent. and other venereal diseases by 70 per cent; since then they have remained at approximately the same level. But it has yet to be demonstrated that abolitionist legislation effectively reduces the number of prostitutes in circulation. A recent survey in *Le Monde*, reviewing the effects of the 1946 law, which made brothels and soliciting illegal, concludes that the number of prostitutes in Paris has remained roughly the same. In 1946 there were 5,000 registered prostitutes and 1,500 *en maison*. Today there are about 5,000 on the books of the state 'Sanitary and Social List' and between 2,000 and 3,000 *clandestines*. Moreover, the *rues chaudes* have remained the same for the past 50 years or more, and none of them are in primarily residential areas.

* * *

I can assure Mr John Gordon that to describe him, and others who think like him, as 'primitives' is not intended to be contemptuous or unkind; it simply refers to a category of people who on many subjects 'think with their bowels'. Rather more than a century ago, for instance, they passionately and sincerely believed that not to hang people for pilfering would destroy the fabric of our society, and that not to punish erring soldiers with 200 lashes of the cat would end army discipline. I call the 'civilisers' those who attempt, before reaching conclusions on matters like homosexuality and prostitution, to allow for their prejudices, weigh the evidence, and base their judgment of policy upon it. Many of the primitives are men of excellent character, and sometimes they may happen to be right when the civilisers are wrong. In this case it is clear that Mr Gordon, in his disgusted references to the Wolfenden findings, is simply expressing the instinctive repulsion that I, like him, feel for homosexual practices. Not being tempted that way, I have to make an effort to consider the position of genuine homosexuals and whether any good result comes from legal interference with their private lives. One remark he makes about seduction of the young shows that he has either not read, or disregards, the report. Seduction of the young is a crime whether they are boys or girls, and the Wolfenden report recommends the retention of the severest laws against this crime. It does, however, suggest what I think to be true, that the danger of the young being perverted is less, not more, if the lives of adults are not interfered with.

* * *

I commented last week on purchasing a copy of *Confidential* for 6s. from a London newsagent. The trade paper (*National Newsagent, Bookseller, Stationer*) points out this week that since imports of *Confidential* have not been licensed for sale in this country, and only reach shops because seamen smuggle them in, both the smugglers and the newsagents who sell them are liable, under the Customs and Excise Act, 1952, to a 'fine three times the value of the goods, or a £100, whichever is the greater, and/or two years in prison'. They are also liable to charges of selling obscene matter and libel. Stewart Granger, for instance, is mentioned in a recent issue of *Confidential*; he could take action in the British courts against anyone here who distributes *Confidential*. The *National Newsagent* adds that the New York publishers of *Confidential* have not shelved their plans for publication of a British edition, but are waiting the results of the big trial in California. They do not mention my point about the risks of criminal libel action.

* * *

Some years ago in New York, when McCarthyism was at its peak, I rang up a well-known English broadcaster, with whom I had always been on excellent terms. There was an odd note of fear in his reply; he was afraid he was really very busy. . . . I promptly rang off and contrasted him in my mind with my friend, Howard K. Smith, the representative of CBS over here, who had never shown, by any inflection of voice or manner, that he was even aware that I was a figure of obloquy in the American press. Howard, indeed, is one of the few American 'targets' who was never intimidated by McCarthy's mudslinging. His broadcasts remained as they had always been, honest and unafraid, and his innumerable friendships with English liberals therefore grew all the warmer. If Anglo-American friendship means not, as it seems so often to do, the sort of *bonhomie* which avoids all criticism and all controversial topics, but genuine friendship between individuals, then I should say that Howard had been America's best ambassador to this country in the post-war years. He has been in Europe for 20 years, and was already well known as the author of *Last Train From Berlin* when he came here in 1946. That he should be going back to the States now is not any the less to be regretted because, I suppose, it was inevitable.

* * *

Driving down from Ross-shire (writes a friend) I had one free place in the car; so I was on the watch for a solitary hitch-hiker, and by the shores of Loch Ness I picked up my first: a medical student from Munich, in neat German knickerbockers, over here on a holiday exchange in a Yorkshire hospital, and snatching a quick look at the Highlands. At Fort William he dropped off to meet a friend (Italian) he had made at John o' Groats. Halfway up Glencoe I picked up my second client, a curly-headed teen-ager. Blue eyes, blue jeans and gym-shoes looked native enough: but as he settled himself comfortably under his outsize rucksack, he apologised for his hesitation in answering my questions: he was Hungarian and had only been here for a few months, but he had hiked his way successfully from Bethnal Green to Ben Nevis. The endless twists of the road by Loch Lomond were suddenly enlivened by groups of people with bright clothes and brown faces: the gigantic bus from which they were enjoying a leg-stretch declared them to be a party of Indian and Burmese tourists doing the beauties of Scotland. At Luss, I began to look for the Youth Hostel to which my Hungarian was bound; and soon stopped to ask the way of a young man with a rucksack who looked as if he might have come from it. Clothes unremarkable: accent impeccable. Surely a Briton! 'It's just round the corner,' he assured us, 'at the bottom of the sea.' Another German, of course, referring to the bonny, bonny banks at the far end of Lomondzee.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

One wonders at the type of mind that even considers the legalisation of what the law of Moses condemned to instant death. God has been good to Britain. Let us beware lest we tempt him to wrath. – Letter in *News Chronicle*. (D. Hood.)

The conversation had come round, as always, to the enormous cost of educating our young – and I said: 'What a waste of money finishing schools are these days'. Mrs Hugh McCorquodale (mother of Mrs Gerald Legge) looked amazed.

'Darling', she said. 'Would you want our girls to grow up not knowing what a finger bowl is for?' – *Sunday Express*. (W. Relph.)

A writ for a debt was served on me and as I did not owe the money I put the writ on the fire, trusting the law to see this wrong claim was thrown out. Now the bailiffs have arrived to sell up my home. Where can I get justice? – Reader's query in *News of the World*. (P. B. Norbert.)

I have saved more than a hundred matchboxes. But now I have no idea what to make with them. – Letter in *Sunday Pictorial*. (P. E. Hill.)

Atomic Leprechauns

As we followed *An Taoiseach* (Mr De Valera), three nuns and several hundred scientists out of the British Association discussion on converting the H-bomb process to peaceful uses, I turned to an Irish priest whom I knew. What, I asked him mischievously, might be the Gaelic for 'thermo-nuclear reaction'?

'Sure now', said the Reverend Father, 'we would just be calling it the *leprechaun*, for if what that young man has been saying is true, it will be finding us the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow.'

'That young man' was Mr J. D. Lawson, of Harwell, who had explained that if the thermo-nuclear reaction (which now explodes with cataclysmic force in the H-bomb) could be controlled, we could 'burn' the deuterium of the oceans and have an unlimited source of power available to all nations and the industrial energy problem would be solved for all time. Deuterium, which is heavy hydrogen, occurs in water in the ratio of one heavy atom to every 5,000 ordinary atoms of hydrogen and one gallon of water would produce energy equal to 100 gallons of petrol; nor would there be any dangerous radioactive poison wastes to dispose of.

But it appeared from what we were told by Lawson and Sir George Thomson in the discussion that peaceful H-energy is about as elusive as the *leprechaun*. Perhaps the experts were being a bit coy, for security reasons, but not all that coy. The thinking is not new. Cosmic physicists have known that the sun generates its energy and produces its heat by building up hydrogen atoms into helium. The process has been demonstrated in the H-bomb, in which the fission bomb in the instant of its explosion produces temperatures equivalent to the furnace-fury of the sun and fuses deuterium (double hydrogen) and tritium (triple hydrogen) and hydrogen into helium with devastating effects – not the sort of energy one gets from a power station. Sir George Thomson disclosed casually that his team at Imperial College had begun working on peaceful control ten years ago, but he had had it transferred to Harwell because he did not like secret work being done in a university establishment.

To produce nuclear combustion, to fuse the atoms, needs temperatures of over 1,000,000 degs C.: to sustain the process needs 100,000,000 degs C. Apart from the insoluble problem of producing materials to contain such heat, any loss of heat through the walls would abort the process. Sir George calculated that the furnace would have to be 100 kilometres in radius. But it is not quite as hopeless as that. The atoms can be made to behave in an obliging way and keep clear of the walls of the container. This is the pinch effect which Kurchatov, the Russian, referred to when he visited Harwell two years ago. The 'plasma', which consists of protons separated from the electrons with which they normally combine in the atom, forms a narrow beam, which has no contact with the walls of, say, a gas-tube and, therefore, does not transfer heat.

We were told by Mr Lawson and Sir George how the positive protons and the negative electrons might be made to behave, although as Sir George explained to Mr De Valera (there as a mathematician and not a politician), it was rather on the principle of the Irish pigs: if you wanted them one way you drove them the other. By a combination of electrical charges and magnetic forces, the plasma, as it generates the fantastic temperatures and 'burns' itself up, could be made to go round a circular track – shaped like a doughnut or the inner-tube of a tyre. Having started the combustion so that the atoms are building up the fusion temperatures, and by fusion increasing the temperaure, how is the reaction to be employed? Sir George is optimistic there; he believes that, instead of using the heat to generate steam or gases for use in turbine generators (the present practice in fission-reactor stations, like Calder Hall) the energy will be removed as an electrical current. He cannot yet say how.

They conjured up the *leprechaun* and promised the Irish priest his crock of gold, but how far is it to the end of the rainbow and the immeasureable wealth of fusion energy? Sir George thought about 15 years, before commercial energy might be contemplated. (Perhaps this will console those who are building fission-stations which have an amortisation period of 15 years.) He thought that, in fusion, we were about where fission was in 1940. But I wondered whether the position was not more analogous to that of 1932 when Cockcroft and Walton built the high-voltage accelerator at the Cavendish laboratory.

The 'economics' are similar. Sir George had enlarged upon the amount of electrical energy needed to sustain the process and provide the electro-magnetic fields and questioned whether the surplus would 'pay-off'. It was the same with the Cockcroft and Walton accelerator; it needed more electricity to split the atom than could be 'collected' from the process; that was what made Lord Rutherford predict that the atom would always be a sink of energy and never a reservoir of energy. Then along came uranium fission and chain-reaction and the question did not arise. Maybe another 'pixie' will appear and pixilate the predictions. Anyway, come hell or heavy water, fusion energy for peaceful uses is in sight and we can look forward to exciting developments before the next international scientific conference, which the UN has summoned to Geneva next August.

It was the sense of standing on the threshold of great events which made this year's BA conference so interesting. I could imagine the earnest youngsters, who were present in force among the 3,000 members, saying 30 years from now, 'I was at Dublin when. . . .' They will know by hindsight that they had been 'in at the beginning'.

Dublin RITCHIE CALDER

Chaplin and the Little Guy

At the age of 68 Charles Chaplin is said to be writing his autobiography. It will presumably not be a humorous book; the author has no obligation to make the audience laugh, and its success or failure will not depend on whether it is 'funnier than his last one'. This should be a relief to Chaplin the Clown, as well as to Chaplin the Producer, Actor, Scriptwriter, Director and Composer.

It will not be a funny book for another reason: Chaplin's life has had from its beginning its extremely dark moments, especially for one of the most sensitive artists of our time. The early childhood to which psychiatrists attach such importance was for Chaplin a particularly sad, bitter time which left deep scars. 'Security' in either the financial or the emotional sense has no part in his earliest memories of life on the Kennington Road – now being recollected in the tranquillity of Manoir de Ban, a 39-acre estate on the banks of Lake Geneva. Nor can his memory roam back through his marital relationships with a particularly genial glow, though today he has everything anyone could have dreamed of in terms of home and fireside.

The home is, from all accounts, a sweet one. The physical conditions are ideal – or as ideal as can be obtained from a smoothly run menage of 13 servants, including three gardeners, a chauffeur, a governess, and, most recently, a nurse for the new (and sixth) child. As Chaplin muses on the ups and downs of his past life he can look out over his broad lawns, his gardens, his swimming pool and tennis-court, across the beautiful lake to the shimmering Dent du Midi, and reflect that after a stormy voyage he has found a pretty safe harbour.

Especially is this true of his fireside. The daughter of Eugene O'Neill whom he married in 1943, when she was a debutante and he 54, has provided him not only with six beautiful children but with the devoted love which has done much to make up for the dismal failures of earlier experiments in domestic life.

The neighbourhood, too, should lend itself to the composition of memoirs. Vevey was the haunt at various times of Byron, Shelley, Madame de Stael, and perhaps most important of all of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. One can almost imagine the ghost of J.J. hovering anxiously over the Manoir de Ban; one can hope that his spirit of truth will somehow inspire the autobiographical pen of the most recent genius to inhabit the locality. But one can also hope that Chaplin will not make Rousseau's mistake of drawing philosophical conclusions from false premises, of creating philosophical fantasies from insufficiently observed data.

There is not much danger, as a matter of fact, that this will be the case. Chaplin's autobiographical problem is almost the exact opposite of Rousseau's. Chaplin created his 'natural man' when he put on the little moustache, the baggy pants and the bowler hat. There was the fantasy, the symbol. Chaplin's problem has been to escape from that universal image of childhood, that poor man's Peter Pan, into the adult world of reality. The audiences of the world wanted Chaplin the artist to cling to the image. Chaplin had to mature as a man or die as an artist. When words came to the silent screen they did more than transform the nature of the motion picture medium. They made it necessary for those words to say something specific. And that is where Chaplin, as a great artist, was caught in the dilemma of finding the answers to questions which he could only avoid by remaining in the childhood dream-world of his 'little fellow'.

'In the beginning was the word,' recalls Faust, searching for his answer. Chaplin might start his autobiographical searches with 'In the beginning was the silence'. One can almost imagine the famous figure with baggy pants skidding on one foot around the corner of the Chaplin house and hurrying over to where his creator sits in biographical reverie.

'Oi,' says the Figure, 'whacha doin'?'

And one can imagine Chaplin giving the Little Man a rather uneasy glance.

'I don't need you, my good fellow', Chaplin murmurs. 'I've finished your part of the book. I'm up to *Modern Times*.'

'Finished with me, eh?' says the Tramp. 'Then you're finished with the book. The fun's over.'

'Oh, why don't you grow up!' exclaims the annoyed Chaplin.

'I did,' answers the eternal gamin. 'That's you now. And look at you! Tell me honest, Boss, what the hell happened?'

Chaplin's autobiography must be in part his attempt to tell what happened – to the most widely loved image in the inhabited universe – when he stepped from the screen to the world of reality. What happened to the wonderful irresponsible 'freedom' of a child's world, in which anything might happen (except death and taxes), in which the enemy was the Cop, the Teacher, or the Millionaire, in which poverty was fun and blows were belly-laughs? What happened when Chaplin began to ask, 'What can I *do* to keep this lovable Little Fellow from being pushed around?' Many told Chaplin what to do: he was to continue to make people laugh, he was to stay in the happy world of perpetual childhood, and above all he was to stay out of the big, grown-up world of politics.

But Sound had come in. So had the Depression. The poor little Tramp couldn't just go on saying 'Ouch!' (laughter) and yelling 'Ow!' (renewed laughter). So Chaplin set out to learn the technique of words, as he had learned that of mime, music, dancing, publicity, finance and all the other necessities for successful creative film making. And when the Little Fellow began trying to articulate is the point at which Chaplin began to become politically suspect. The 'freedom' of the child had become the reality of the grown artist. Chaplin was free. He had an audience of millions, he had the greatest artistic sensitivity, the most complete technique, and, most horrifying of all, he had great financial resources of his own. Such men are dangerous, and especially so if their life history reveals that the events in the formative period have cast them in a 'rebellious' or a 'non-conformist' pattern. Such men must be tamed, or at least controlled.

At this point one might imagine another interruption to the musing autobiographer. There is a sound from the tall cedars and pines near the house – the sound of a human voice or, rather, the Voice of America.

'Hi ya, Charlie!' beams the friendly Voice. 'How's the kids?'

The Little Tramp panics; his baggy pants drop to his knees, his bowler falls off; he slides under the table.

''Op it!' he whispers. 'It's them!'

Chaplin doesn't panic. For a moment he gives way to one of his outbursts of wild uncontrolled temper. The veins of his large, handsome forehead swell; he digs his small fingers into the palms of his tiny hands.

'Get out!' he shouts. 'Or I'll call the police!'

'Now I wouldn't do that, Charlie,' purrs the Voice. 'The Swiss don't want any trouble with us. Nobody wants any trouble. I'm talking to you as a friend.'

From beneath the table comes a derisive snort.

''Ark at 'im,' whispers the Tramp. 'A friend, he says. Cor!' Chaplin recovers his self-control. He even smiles thoughtfully.

'My friend,' he says, 'you have come at an opportune moment. Let me ask you a question.'

'Shoot, Charlie,' says the Voice.

'What do you want from me?' Chaplin asks, 'what's your price?'

There is a moment of silence; in fact, several moments.

'Well now,' says the Voice, 'that's a very interesting question. We've been wondering why you hadn't asked it sooner.'

'I've been busy writing my autobiography,' explains Chaplin, 'and I hadn't come to that question yet.'

'Uh-hu,' uh-hu's the Voice. 'I see. Writing your autobiography, eh? Maybe we can put the question another way. You've got a new film just out, I understand. *The King in New York*. You want to know how you can make a deal with us so that you can release it in America?'

It is now Chaplin's turn to be silent while he struggles with his temper. 'If that's the true voice of America, I'm not interested in any deal,' he says finally. 'I'm 68 years old. I'm writing my life. I want to explain things to myself – add up the plusses and the minuses. If I've made mistakes, I want to understand them.'

'One big mistake was to put politics into your pictures,' says the Voice. 'Why did you do it? Everybody loved you. Why didn't you sit it out? Bob Hope, Jack Benny, – they're doing all right.'

This is a bit too much for the Little Fellow, who leaps up and looks around for a brick.

'Those gag-writer comics,' he mutters.

Chaplin quiets him down. 'What politics in what pictures?' he asks of the Voice.

'That one about Hitler was the first,' is the reply.

'Oh yes – that bit at the end,' Chaplin replies, and after a moment clears his throat, musses up his thick white hair, and becomes the little Jewish

barber. '" Let us fight for a new world – a decent world that will give men a chance to work – that will give youth a future and old age a security. The power the dictators took from the people will return to the people . . ."'

'Look, Charlie,' interrupts the Voice, 'let's get to the point. Your name is mud in America. Right? You've got the press against you. Right? The Catholic Church. The American Legion. Right? If you want to clear yourself you've got to do something to show them which side you're on.'

'I'm not on any side,' cries Chaplin. 'I'm against cruelty – tyranny – intolerance – and . . .'

'I'm asking you "What are you for?"' demands the Voice.

'I'm for . . . I'm for . . .' Chaplin impatiently searches for words, right words. 'I'm for . . .' and he looks by chance at the Tramp who is crouched on the grass, head in hand, gloomily contemplating a worm. 'That's him!' cries Chaplin. 'I'm for that chap, the fellows who get kicked in the pants'. The Tramp eagerly takes his cue. He leaps up, his feet slip out from under him, he lands on his backside, jumps up again and begins shaking imaginary bars. 'Yes, yes!' cries the enthusiastic Chaplin. 'And get put in cages! I'm against putting anything in a cage. There's so many cages and they all have different names. Life!' cries Chaplin. 'That's the side I'm on! Life – and more of it! For everybody!'

'OK, OK,' interrupts the impatient Voice. 'So we're all for life. Who isn't? Answer the question, Chaplin. Are you a Communist?'

'Words!' yells the infuriated Chaplin. 'I don't know what you mean by "Communist." I don't think you do, either. If something called "Communism" or "Capitalism" or any bloody thing else will get people out of all these different kinds of cages, I'm for it. When it puts them back in other kinds, I'm against it. If that's politics, it belongs in pictures, in my pictures.'

'What's this new picture of yours about?' asks the Voice.

'It's about a little king who goes to New York,' is the reply. 'He gets into all sorts of funny messes.' Chaplin begins to chuckle. 'There's a lot of laughs . . .'

'Sure, sure,' says the Voice. 'But what's it *really* about? That kid in it – your kid – he makes fun of our institutions, doesn't he?'

'Is that a crime now?' asks Chaplin. 'It used not to be.'

'Stop clowning,' reprimands the Voice. 'This is serious. The kid is a Communist, isn't he?'

'All right,' says Chaplin. 'I'll be serious. The kid is not a Communist. He's a rebel – like all kids who have any guts. And he's living in a kids' world . . .'

'Can I play the part?' asks the eager Little Fellow, jumping up again.

'No, no,' says Chaplin. 'This is my show now. This kid is in a world where there's no responsibility and where words don't have to have any connection with reality – words like "Communist", and "War" and "Death." And in this picture, this kid, this rebel, learns about reality. His parents are accused of being Communists; he is turned into an informer. The word that becomes real is "Death"; what dies is his spirit, his rebellious spirit.'

Chaplin pauses, then turns his face upwards toward the Voice. 'That has not happened to me,' he says. 'I am on the same side as I have always been. I will make my own pictures and I will make no deals. Now, my friend, I must ask you to leave me alone. I still have much work to do – many films to make – before I die.'

'This is the Voice of America,' comes from the treetops. 'Signing off. The views expressed by Mr Chaplin in this interview are entirely his own and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of this station.'

Fleet Street Notebook

ALTHOUGH there are depressing exceptions, the majority of the press has shown itself notably responsible and progressive in its reactions to the Wolfenden Report. It has, in fact, been well ahead of mass public opinion, even though, to judge from the Gallup Poll published by the *News Chronicle* on Tuesday, ordinary opinion itself is more liberal in its attitude to the law on homosexuals than many anticipated – the surprisingly large total of 38 per cent. agreed with the recommendation that homosexual behaviour in private between consenting adults should not be subject to the criminal law.

Of the national papers, seven, *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Daily Herald*, the *Mirror* and (I am agreeably surprised to say) the *Daily Sketch*, have all broadly supported the Wolfenden recommendations, including those on homosexuals, although with varying degrees of emphasis (or reservation) on one aspect or another of them. Only two, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail*, have come out implacably against them – using all their armoury of prejudice and emotionalism to do so. The seven supporters have a total combined readership (as distinct from sales) of something over 22,500,000 readers above the age of 16, which is about 61 per cent. of the total population above that age; the two dissenters have a combined readership of just under 38 per cent. of the total population. Since the Gallup Poll shows 47 per cent. against the homosexual recommendations to 38 per cent. in favour, and approximately the same percentages for and against the recommendation that privately conducted prostitution should not be made illegal, it is clear that most of the press has been ready to run the risk of alienating a substantial proportion of readers by defending the Report.

Naturally there were differing degrees of support. *The Times* found the Report 'equally sound' on the law in respect of male homosexuality and on that of prostitution, although in some other respects 'less thorough and consistent' than in the main recommendations. One odd aspect of *The Times* treatment of the Report may be noted. Alone among the national press (excepting the *Daily Worker*, which has held markedly aloof throughout), *The Times* has not opened its correspondence columns to the subject.

The *Manchester Guardian* found the report 'a fine piece of work'. As was perhaps to be expected, the *Telegraph* had somewhat more reservations than either *The Times* or the *Guardian*. The *Telegraph*, while asking for more safeguards in respect to homosexuality than the Report envisages, praised the Committee for performing a 'singularly difficult task with dispassionate skill' and for 'its clarity and courage'. It urged that political and other passions should not be allowed to darken counsel in public discussion, only to report sadly four days later that already the Report had been turned 'into a battlefield thickly shrouded in dust' and to ask again that tempers should be allowed to cool. The *News Chronicle* came out flatly in favour of the recommendations on homosexuals; the *Herald*, while giving general support, concentrated its editorial mainly on prostitution.

'Don't be shocked by this Report. It's the Truth. It's the Answer. IT'S LIFE', said the *Mirror*. After declaring that 'no responsible newspaper can hesitate to publish its opinion' it avoided explicitly expressing itself on homosexuality but concluded 'the Wolfenden Committee has taken three years to produce a sensible and responsible Report. The government should decide on action now'. The first results of the *Mirror's* own poll of its readers' reactions suggest that in giving general support to the Report, but not being wholly specific either way on the homosexual recommendations, it had cleverly avoided getting too far ahead. Out of the first 10,000 readers' votes analysed 4,880 agreed with the Wolfenden recommendations, 5,393 disagreed – a surprisingly close balance. The *Sketch* was both outspoken and liberal: it is a pleasure to be able to congratulate it on its attitude, particularly when one considers how different it is from that of its companion in the Rothermere stable, the *Daily Mail*, which headed its leader: Report Full of Danger. In shrill tones it denounced the Committee for 'encouraging an increase in perversion', sweeping aside 'a great barrier against depravity', 'leaving perverts free to spread corruption' and proposing 'legalised degradation in our midst'. Nothing was spared to whip up passion. The Beaverbrook press opened with an hysterical attack on the Report in the *Evening Standard*, went on to call upon the Home Secretary to 'protect the family' against it in the *Daily Express*, and wound up with a typical contribution from John Gordon in the *Sunday Express* on 'The Pansies Charter' in which his pen roamed felicitously among phrases like 'repugnant to the moral standards of the majority', 'legalising moral corruption', 'degraded men' and 'bestial habits'.

It is depressing to report that, unlike the majority of the national press, most of the chief provincial dailies were on the side of Mr Gordon and the *Daily Mail* – a sharp reminder that the weather in the metropolis is by no means a certain guide to the climate of opinion elsewhere. 'It can be no solution to any public problem to legitimise a bestial offence', roared the *Scotsman;* the Committee's recommendations, said the *Liverpool Post*, would mean 'a deterioration of respect for normal human values'; and 'a weakening of restraints upon practices agreed even by those who take no moral view to be socially undesirable', according to the *Birmingham Post*. The *Yorkshire Post*, ready with its cliché, declared: 'We must assert that the moral fibre of a nation is necessarily affected by the moral fibre of its citizens' and, liking the phrase, continued 'if this proposal is adopted by parliament can anyone deny that society will have acquiesced in a weakening of its moral fibre?' Perhaps the moral fibre of Leeds is more vulnerable than that of London – or Manchester. However, Sir Linton Andrews had the *Sunday Times* on his side. The law must, it said, be concerned with upholding a 'basic national moral standard': a moral standard which it found (not one imagines to the surprise of any of its regular readers) 'undermined by libertarian cults and by the steady sapping of welfare Socialism'. After which it was some relief to turn to the *News of the World*. At one with the *Sunday Times* in being against what its leading article naturally labelled 'The Wages of Sin', it did not waste time on high-mindedness. 'Although the Wolfenden Report gives the facts and figures in a five-bob booklet', it remarked modestly, '*News of the World* court report readers keep themselves better informed on the ways of the world at threepence a time.'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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Dead Ships

At first sight, the Gareloch appeared an odd compromise between a naval base and a week-end haven. Three battleships, with turrets towering like mournful elephants, lay moored at the loch-head. Under their bows shivered the delicate masts of launches and small shiny yachts, dwarfed to toy dimension. On the quay, cranes probed with the pertinacity of a dental drill into a cruiser.

'Aye, she's gone to the grave-yard', said Maclaren, who had a face like wet gravel and abhorred sentiment. 'We'll soon be getting our teeth into the three ladies yonder.' He pointed to the battleships, misted with prickly rain. Maclaren used to build boats, anything from whalers to regatta craft, but he changed to the break-up trade, 'where you can put by a wee bit of silver'. There's no money in wooden boats, he explained, now the firms down in England can manufacture them cheaper out of fibre-glass. Maclaren had little patience for the traditional builders, planing their blond larch planks, bending them in hot water, knocking in copper nails between a pint at the local. Maclaren drew a mouthful of the vile, intoxicating shag known as Highland Slice, and pronounced dourly: 'Give me a dead ship, now, for a decent profit'.

Around the loch, men in oil-skins yellow as haddock were reckoning how much the Admiralty would get out of those three grey monuments, for they contain a mine of valuable scrap.

'Brass'll fetch two hunderd an' fifty', said Mr. Todd of Rhu, picking his large teeth with a rusty pin, 'an' steel goes a' climbing up every Sunday'. A year ago, he recalled fondly, copper reached the price of £420 a ton. Although it's been falling, 'I won't say no to a nice load o' copper rivets'.

George V, *Anson* and *Duke of York* have been laid up' in the Gareloch so long, yachtsmen regard them as part of the seascape, to be avoided in a high wind, berated for commandeering too much room. They are dinosaurs, pathetically huge, doomed by their own overwhelming armour. Their keels were laid in 1937, together with the warships *Howe* and *Prince of Wales*, all of the same class. Each had ten mammoth cannon, slow-firing, wide as pillar boxes; and up to 70 AA guns. The turret for the quadruple 14-inch cannon weighed 1,500 tons. They should have been invincible. *Prince of Wales* did indeed achieve fame. In 1941, she carried Sir Winston Churchill to that mid-ocean meeting with President Roosevelt where the Atlantic Charter was born. Later, on 10 December, Admiral Phillips sailed in his new flagship to intercept a Japanese fleet. But a Japanese plane intercepted him. *Prince of Wales* sank in half an hour. And the era of floating titans died with her.

'Clyde makes 'em and Clyde breaks 'em', remarked Maclaren, 'good for business either way'. On the shore nicotine-brown with seaweed, his mates argued about the dismemberment. Launches would remove internal fittings before the oxy-acetylene jets carved up the armour. The amount of metal both lured and appalled them. 'Och aye, 'tis a fair size and nae mistake', pondered a welder with arms tanned redder than his corroded bogeys and stanchions. At night, a torch signalled from one hulk to another. Lone watchmen were prowling instead of two thousand sailors. Gulls swept a wide arc about them, knowing that no food would come from bare decks.

Behind Maclaren's office stood a neo-Gothic castle, built by a Victorian baronet playing at laird. It burgeoned with turrets and crenellated pigeon-cotes. In the rain, its slate roof glistened like plum jelly. It was offered at £500, with 60 rooms and an imitation portcullis.

'No one would buy the place', grunted Maclaren, shaking moisture off his curt, wiry hair, 'so they're breaking it up'. A contractor's gang had begun to strip the plaster off the grey stone, which should fetch enough to hire a caravan on Loch Lomond around the corner. This demolition made Maclaren growl with approval.

'It's all progress', he said, gesturing at the crumbled donjon, the guns of *King George V*, and a flag of tattered cloud over the black water.

GERDA L. COHEN

The Arts and Entertainment

Half-Chaplin

Most people by now will have gathered what the new Chaplin film is about. Some Balkan revolution sends the King fleeing from his palace, he sets up in a New York hotel, finds that his prime minister has made off with the cash, drifts into television to pay the bills, has a fleeting affair with a TV girl, befriends a small boy caught in the meshes of the witch-hunt, gets entangled with a hose-pipe before the Committee, and leaves America with the Queen he has never really tried to love. Pure Chaplin, you'd say? If only it was!

There are moments unquestionably his and none other's. A girl takes a bath next door, and, having sent his ambassador ahead for key-holing, he settles down on a bath-stool to apply himself. When he comes to have a bath himself, a TV screen lights up on the wall and a gurgling female voice tickles him. He goes with a friend into a restaurant, and the moment they have sat down the band blares just overhead, and he has to mime for the waiter his choice of dishes: caviare and turtle soup. He is shouted down by a tub-thumping urchin who clamours 'Have we got Free Speech?', but manages to put his own word in, 'No you've got it all.' In a lift he gets his finger in a fire nozzle, and can only be hurried to the Court, where he is due to testify, with the hose attached, 'raise your right hand', says the clerk; he does; and firemen outside, seeing the length of agitated hose, clamp it down, turn it on.

But also – can this be Chaplin? – there are jokes that don't come off, sententious musings, bravados that can only belong to private life. What are we to make of his delivery of 'To be or not to be', taken straight, in an after-dinner speech? And all the business about face-lifting, which hardly changes his appearance but takes up a lot of time? And the posing for cameras, and facings from screens? Such flatnesses, or dumb notes, we might take for granted from anyone else.

Is it temporary uneasiness, or that of an exile with no return? But the film lacks any such eagerness or pathos.

Just age, then? The American tyranny is treated nimbly, but with kid gloves. Advancing age is the latent preoccupation; and sometimes it is grasped firmly – 'You'd be agreeably surprised', he says to his ambassador, after flinging himself on a girl and knocking her flying; sometimes it seems to assert itself in a mixture of smugness and uncertainty.

What has happened to Chaplin? This is his first film that seems to come from the fridge. It is neat; now it amuses, now it doesn't; we are touched, and indifferent; we are *for* him, of course – but that is a poor allegiance towards one who has stirred exhilaration. The clown has gone, the personal glow of *Limelight* can't be repeated, and all we have is the little great man, too sure of himself, or not sure enough.

It is many weeks since I first saw *A King in New York*. I was entertained, saddened; and now I don't relish writing about it. By the ill-luck of journalism I must write before seeing the film again, but I leave space for second impressions.

* * *

Just away from press show, with little to add. The laughs, with a large audience, came rather more freely, but there are long quiet stretches; one of the funniest sequences – the cinema visit, with trailers on the screen and rock and roll in the aisle ('She *bit* me!' he exclaims) – I had neglected to mention; but the dumb notes, the refrigeration of the whole thing, remains. A young Chaplin, Michael, makes a forthright impression, and Dawn Addams is fresh and pretty in a buzz-about part. The trouble is that Chaplin's own role – the VIP fairy-godfather – isn't rich enough. For *him*, that's to say. Still, it's rare entertainment and rare light satire; and better – a hundred times better! – half-Chaplin than no Chaplin at all.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Obituary

The death of Dennis Brain was doubly shocking in its suddenness and violence, and in the fact that it took from us a superb young musician at the summit of his powers. 'Unique' is a much abused word; but on this occasion it is appropriate. There was no horn-player in the world who could seriously challenge either his technical mastery of that notoriously treacherous instrument, or the beauty of his tone, or the taste and art shown in his phrasing and style; he was incomparable. Aubrey Brain had been an excellent player; but the father gladly conceded the son's superiority. Many composers, among them Hindemith and Britten, wrote specially for him; only a few months ago, at the Cheltenham Festival, he played a slight but elegantly written new concerto by Malcolm Arnold which caused us to marvel afresh at his powers. The smoothness and flexibility of his utterance on that occasion were almost uncanny; even from his lips I remember nothing to surpass his sustained pianissimo cantabile in Arnold's slow movement, or the rapid scales, both diatonic and chromatic, which he tossed off in the finale. Like a supreme singer, he made it all seem easy, although we knew it was diabolically hard. He will be long remembered, and long missed.

Our sorrow at the loss of Professor Dent cannot, in the nature of things, be quite so acute, for he was an old man who had accomplished an immense and varied life-work in many fields of activity, and in recent years illness, total deafness and finally blindness may well have made his life more of a burden than a pleasure. As to that, however, we cannot be sure; for his extraordinarily keen intelligence and sense of humour seemed un-

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affected by the disabilities of age. Some years ago, when already very deaf, he was gaily describing a meeting of the Covent Garden Board of Trustees 'with myself in my usual role of Titurel'. In *Parsifal*, it will be remembered, the voice of the aged Titurel is heard proceeding from a vaulted niche 'as though from a tomb'; is there not something heroic in the ability to be so witty as that about one's own age and infirmity?

Wit and learning were the essence of Edward Dent's mind, and they are to be found in everything he wrote – whether it was an operatic translation or a full-scale biography like his splendid Life of Busoni, a programme-note or a page of reminiscences, an essay or a private letter. There was always a scrupulous accuracy and niceness in his choice of words; he could no more pen a slipshod sentence or a muddled paragraph than a man of fashion could appear in public with a dirty collar. His learning was never either showy or ponderous. His wit could be mordant, and it was therefore all the more surprising that it should have been accompanied by so much tact. These qualities, together with a perfect command of French, German and Italian, made Dent an inevitable and ideal choice as first President of the International Society for Contemporary Music, an organisation for whose existence he was largely responsible; and, by the common consent of all, he was persuaded to retain this position until 1938. Of the early days of the ISCM he wrote an enlightening and highly entertaining account in a paper contributed to a miscellany published some years ago by Dennis Dobson – one of the innumerable scattered essays which he produced throughout his long career, from which let us hope someone will soon give us a generous selection. In 1946 Mr Lawrence Haward contributed a bibliography of Dent's writings to a 70th birthday number of *Music Review*; this should be completed.

It was with opera, operatic translation, and above all with Mozart that Dent is most closely associated in the public mind; it is no exaggeration to say that he played a leading part in establishing the firm popularity of Mozart's operas on the modern stage. Curiously enough, his strict and somewhat Puritanical attitude to the art of opera was more Wagnerian that Mozartian: he was so keen on the music-drama as a whole, the Wagnerian *Gesamtkunstwerk*, that he had little patience with the individual component parts, for instance with extended lyrical arias; still less with singers. He sometimes wrote as though, provided the audience could hear all the words translated into the vernacular and laugh heartily at the jokes, nothing else greatly mattered; those who dared to complain about the singing were dismissed as 'canary-fanciers'. He seemed to like choruses better than love duets, recitatives better than arias. His horror of the prima donna would have astonished not only Mozart's contemporaries but Mozart himself, to whom the individual performer was always of immense importance, as his letters show. The truth was perhaps that Dent, growing up in a period rich in great singers but often unpardonably careless in ensemble and production, took the singing for granted and concentrated his fire on the defects of the old tradition; whereas we, living in a period of elaborate production but dubious singing, cannot help sighing for the sound old vocal standards that seem to have gone for ever. On such points he and I had many an amiable argument, both in conversation and in correspondence; but I never appealed to him in vain for some out-of-the-way detail of information; and there are a thousand small problems of 18th and 19th century operatic history to which, now that he has gone, no one else can supply so ready and so witty an answer. His scholarship was like an immense wine-cellar, full of the rarest and most curious vintages, and every bottle in perfect condition.

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Wild Attire

It is a very sad thing about Miss Joan Littlewood, the brilliant and highly original director of the Theatre Workshop based on the Theatre Royal, Stratford-atte-Bow; she is a prophetess not without honour save in her own country. She is a most imaginative and courageous director of plays, one of the few surviving experimenters in the theatre, and if it were not that she is a passionately political character she would by now be an acclaimed star of her profession. But a commercial theatre has no place for politics (and less surprisingly when those politics aim at suppressing commerce). Yet I suppose that she would have been given the support necessary for conducting a theatre like hers by some body with parallel political views in any country but this (except in those, of course, who would have shot or imprisoned her for holding such views). Our Labour Party, Trade Unions and Co-operatives have never, unfortunately and to their great detriment, paid much, if indeed any, attention to the arts. But the particular form of art which Miss Littlewood practices is, after all, propagandist art (directly or indirectly). If she could reach an audience, she would do as much as most pamphlets or posters to spread and deepen and clarify the Socialist view. I should have thought she and her company were well worth a dole from the publicity funds of one or other of the Socialist bodies. On the other hand it may be that she is one of those individualists who cannot work with an official body, or again she may be too extremist for them.

As it is, her work suffers grievously from financial stringency. Her actors are only half trained, and there are too few of them, and when she attempts something on the larger scale it falls short because she cannot afford to carry out her ideas properly.

This partly explains the failure of her present modern dress *Macbeth*. But only partly. Kilts are presumably no more expensive to hire than officers' swagger coats, and it is surely wanton to set the play in England not Scotland, and this seems to me typical of the illogicality of her approach on this occasion. She explains what she is after in a programme note:

> When we play classics in our people's theatre, we try to wipe away the dust of three hundred years, to strip off the 'poetical' interpretations which the nineteenth-century sentimentalists put upon these plays and which are still current today. . . . If Shakespeare has any significance for today, a production of his work must not be regarded as an historical reconstruction but as an instrument still sharp enough to provoke thought, to extend man's awareness of his problems and to strengthen his belief in his kind.

This manifesto is, of course, filled with contentious propositions, but Miss Littlewood is entitled to try to prove her point. The proof will be in the production and she will see Macbeth as a modern tyrant, a sort of poor man's Hitler, whom the good will eventually shoot down like a mad dog. It might be made to work, I dare say, but it signally doesn't on this occasion. Leaving aside the adequacy or inadequacy of the actors, the conception seems to me to have missed fire. The shock of a modern dress production comes from the clash between two opposite conventions, the non-naturalistic and the realistic. Admittedly these are in the last analysis irreconcilable. But the clash of their contrast is sometimes provoking. Miss Littlewood, taking a legitimate hint, I suspect, from Mr Tyrone Guthrie's successful *Troilus*, has brought the play up to 1915 or thereabouts. Now the advantage of not bringing it bang up to date is that you avoid the absolute head-on clash. Mr Guthrie in his *Troilus* was even subtler than that. He opposed to the poetic tragedy convention not a form of realism but another convention, the musical comedy world of Lehar, and he created that world with complete consistency. Miss Littlewood's world has no consistency at all; it is all bits and pieces. Any old dodge, any old uniform that comes to mind will do. Duncan and his court are from *Journey's End*, 1915, the murderers from William Le Quex, 1907, the set is steel scaffolding, 1957, the last scenes are That Bunker, 1947 and the weird sisters (on the one occasion on which they appear) *Mother Courage*, 1620 *circa*. So the total effect is of wild and hasty *ad hoc* improvisation. A forced interpretation of the play in political terms we could have accepted, but this jumble of notions seemed only half-baked. Yet I can't help feeling that if Miss Littlewood had the resources and the freedom from irrelevant worries she ought to have, she would have baked it wholly and we might have had a very interesting evening indeed.

* * *

Let me warmly – no, hotly – recommend to everyone seriously interested in the theatre the magazine, *Encore*, published at only 1s. 6d. This has now settled down into the most lively, intelligent, well-produced and well-edited bimonthly. It is alert to the contemporary currents and is not afraid of letting every side have its

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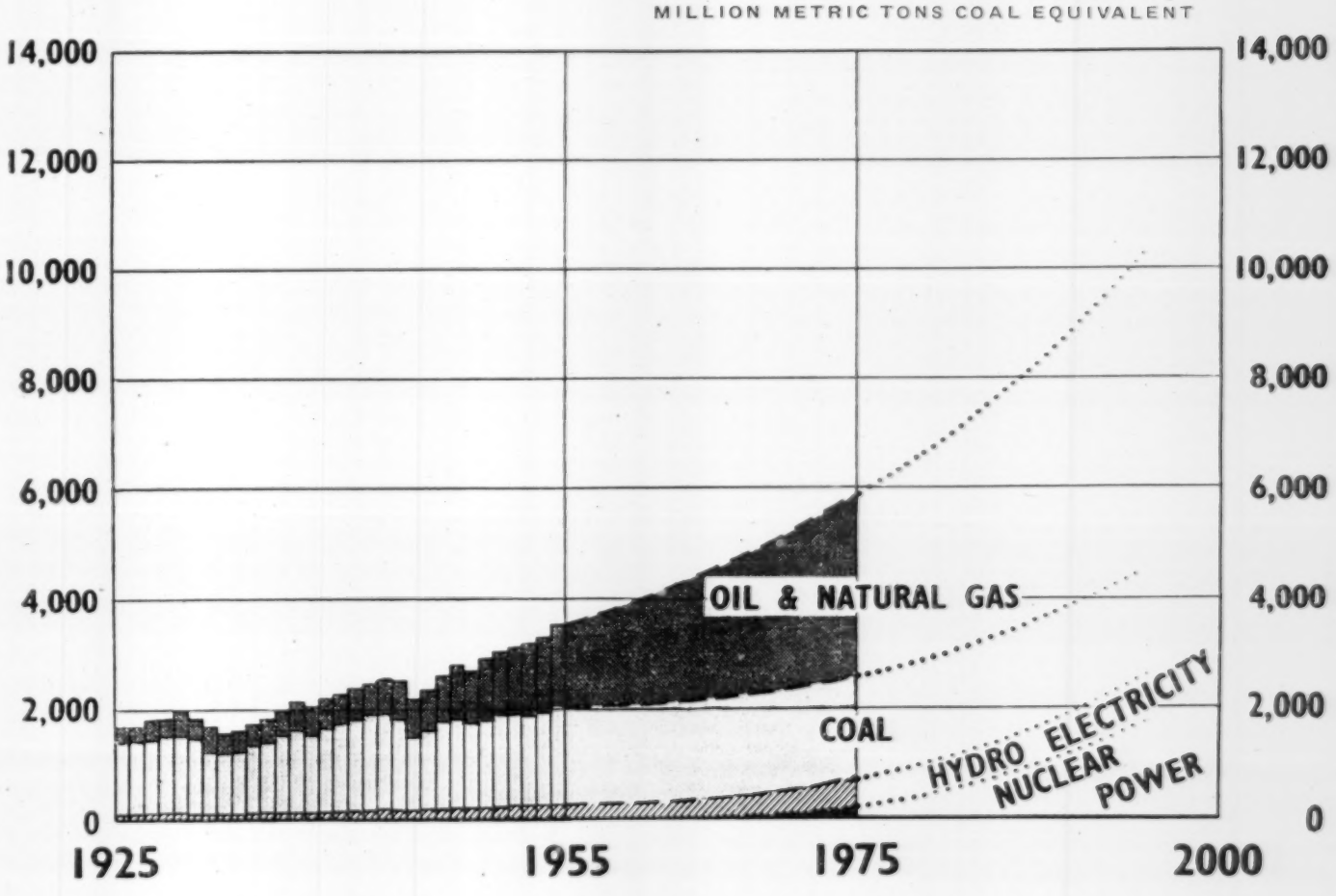

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T. C. WORSLEY

Si Jeunesse Pouvait

THE first time I saw a sculpture by Robert Clatworthy I thought it the best thing I had seen by any English sculptor younger than Moore. It was a life-size group of a man with a dog and it gave the impression that a Bacon man and a Bacon dog had finally come together: it was on that sort of emotional scale. After this I saw his projects entered in the competition for a memorial outside the new TUC building and felt that Clatworthy ought to have been given the commission to do: they were so moving, so rich in pathos, that I was not at all put off by their attainment of rather too clever a synthesis between Moore and Giacometti which was as successful as it was improbable. As time went by and I saw more, I began to wonder whether Clatworthy's impressive effects didn't owe too much to a rare talent for art criticism, of the popularising kind. His life-size *Bull* exhibited this year at Holland Park made me fairly sure that this was the case, and his current one-man show at the Hanover convinces me that when I first saw his work I was taken in.

What is pretty shameful is that I was taken in by something which is really no better than a sculptural counterpart of Topolski's drawings—a commonplace and imprecise vision coated over with a rough, lively, elaborate surface-texture, corresponding to Topolski's vigorous web of lines, which gives an illusion of energy and mystery and drama. It is magazine-illustration in three-dimensions, and the reason why I didn't spot this earlier, I think, is that, whereas Topolski's idiom is old-fashioned enough for judgment to be more or less objective, Clatworthy's has an up-to-date look that makes the work immediately sympathetic: before the sympathy is dissolved and the awful truth realised, it may be necessary to encounter something as obviously sentimental and banal as the head of Clatworthy's *Bull*, which looks exactly like something out of an advertisement for beef-cubes. After that, everything else falls into perspective. It may be difficult to tell bad art from good art, but it's less difficult to tell the kind of bad art which is done by good artists from the kind of bad art which is done by bad artists.

The other exhibition at the Hanover has just the same defect. These paintings by Stephen Andrews, a young Canadian, would be indistinguishable from railway posters if it were not for the dribbles of paint *à la* Sam Francis running down them. In a preface to the catalogue, Hans Hess describes Andrews as 'serious, honest, uninfluenced by fashions'. The first two epithets seem perfectly just, but if these paintings were uninfluenced by fashions the Communist Manifesto was written by Napoleon III (and I don't give a damn whether Andrews ever saw a Francis or any other dribble-painting, or even heard of one, before he painted these pictures: they'd still be influenced by fashion). Indeed, it is the way they have been influenced by fashion that is the one good thing about them. For Andrews has had the excellent idea of using dribbles of paint *à la* Francis to give pictorial unity to a kind of landscape which is not semi-abstract or post-cubist but a simplified presentation of a view. The trouble with these pictures is that this idea is the only thing that makes them personal or sensitive or interesting.

There are more young painters at Gimpel's, where they are showing a selection of works by 'Six Young Contemporaries – a selection from the Arts Schools of Great Britain'. The exhibition is worth taking some trouble to see before it closes this Saturday (the 14th). And I hope that we shall not have to wait long for first one-man shows of Robyn Denny and Mike Elliott.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Essayist of the Air

THIS week Alistair Cooke broadcast his five-hundredth *Letter from America*: it seems as good an opportunity as one will get to suggest – borrowing from Ben Jonson – that Cooke is the first broadcaster of the world in some things. His task is the deceptively simple one of providing 'intimate personal talks on anything and everything American' and his manner is as deceptively simple. No doubt the key to it is the word 'personal'. There has never been a broadcaster easier to listen to or one who more readily produces the illusion that he is freely talking, leaping from aspect to aspect of the American scene as his mind at the moment prompts him. It isn't until one has switched off that one appreciates the enormous amount of information and interpretation that he has packed into his fifteen minutes. Above all others, it seems to me, he is the personal essayist of the air. I have a feeling that in this country the broadcast talk as personal essay has rarely quite come off; too often one is aware too much of manner and mannerism. And perhaps this is because the personal essay itself has been for so long under a cloud here: 'slippered ease' became synonymous with literary exhibitionism; the sweet disorder in the dress was altogether too carefully arranged. In America, however, the personal essay managed to avoid the excesses it cultivated here and to survive in a somewhat new form. The writers of the *American Mercury* in the Twenties made it astringent and the writers of the *New Yorker* a little later added a new grace. In both instances, the personal essay was appearing not as a branch of *belles lettres* but of journalism: it made all the difference.

In his way, Cooke, the worshipper of Mencken, represents the incursion of the American journalist as personal essayist into broadcasting. Content and style (of which the manner of broadcasting is part) are one, but both are the expression of a very deliberate aim: the interpretation of the United States to the English, to a people, in other words, who are the victims of deep-rooted and traditional misapprehensions about America and the Americans. Cooke knows what these are because he is by birth and upbringing English; because of this he knows how to get under the Englishman's guard in a way a native American would not. At the same time, it seems to me, he retains the outsider's freshness and appreciation of the American scene; a native American of comparable intelligence and culture, even though doing a similar job, would often, I suspect, be more critical than he is. If Cooke is a most persuasive salesman for his adopted country it is because he is himself so thoroughly sold on what he is selling us.

His level varies, of course; occasionally the light he generates is obscured by excess of sweetness; at times one gets the impression that he believes, with W. D. Howells, that 'the more smiling aspects of life' are 'the more American'. All the same, he is rarely less than delightful and often he is a master; and one can only wish that other countries had interpreters as brilliant regularly broadcasting to this country.

But broadcasters of Cooke's kind are as scarce almost as personal essayists of the calibre of E. B. White and Thurber; and lacking them, we can't do much better, it seems to me, when we want the foreign scene interpreted, than to depend on exchanges like the programme in the Third the other evening called *Aspects of Modern Swedish Society*, in which Asa Briggs in London questioned Gunnar Hackscher in Stockholm. The information elicited was solid and interesting enough, but more interesting were the implications, which went far beyond Sweden. If I understood him rightly, Professor Briggs was suggesting that in a state in which there was political liberty, social equality and full employment, rebellion shifted from the political sphere to the moral. This was scarcely taken up, but one had the impression that the whole phenomenon of 'the rebel without cause' was lying just outside the programme.

There have been several attempts during the past ten years or so to re-float George Meredith, almost entirely unsuccessful I would think; and I doubt whether Jean Morris's adaptation of *The Egoist* in the Home Service has helped much. The attempt to make a play of it robbed it of most of its merit. Sir Willoughby Patterne is a pretty unsubtle character in the novel: in the play he became a thoroughly unconvincing moral monster. Dr Middleton, who should have been a gift to Carleton Hobbs, was almost not there at all; and what was entirely missing was any suggestion of the poetry, which is surely the one thing that keeps Meredith alive.

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

MORALITY AND SEX

SIR,—As one who gave evidence to the Wolfenden Committee, I suggest a variation from their proposals: that *if* the streets must be cleared of prostitutes by increased penalties, this be done by high fines, *not* imprisonment. I know that a fine as high as £50 would clear most of the 'regulars' from the streets. Three months' imprisonment of the remainder, the inexperienced and dim-witted, would be merely vindictive.

A prostitute's profession is shameful enough. A prison record would merely degrade her the more. Even the Prison Officers' Association is reported to have protested against the idea of imprisoning prostitutes. It would be directly contrary to the recently announced policy of decreasing the short-term prison population. It would also be unjustly severe as between the prostitute and her unpenalised client.

DAVID LINTON

37 Stillingfleet Road
SW13

SIR,—The £8,046 Wolfenden Report doesn't seem to go much further than the opinion, said to have been expressed many years ago by Mrs Patrick Campbell: 'I don't care what they do as long as they don't do it in the streets and frighten the horses'.

T. ST. JOHN BARRY

23 Chapel Side
W2

SIR,—Now that the Wolfenden Committee has published its report it would seem a good time to amend the law relating to homosexuality. Instead, I have no doubt that—especially among vote-happy Conservatives—there will be mumblings about Sodom and Gomorrah, and shaking fingers will be pointed at the fall of the Roman Empire and the decline of Greek civilisation. The air will resound with cries of 'moral degradation' and so on.

To most twentieth-century Britons, the only kind of morality is sexual morality, and the word 'immoral' has only one meaning. For this the church is largely to blame. In 1938 the Archbishop of Canterbury forced a king off his throne in the name of sexual morality, but said not a word against the Nazi regime. Today the Archbishop of Canterbury is outspoken about divorce, but far more reticent concerning *Apartheid*. For at least the last hundred years the Old Testament has been flapped in our faces whenever we might have been in danger of thinking about cruelty or exploitation or social intolerance—or any of the hundred and one sins that are besetting the modern world.

In our huge overpopulated modern civilisation the Church wants us to conform to a set of rules which were laid down for small nomadic tribes whose very existence depended on a good supply of children and freedom from internal strife. That, incidentally, is the origin of the condemnation of both homosexuality and adultery.

Today we are obsessed with sex. A deviation in a man's sex life can ruin his career and blacken his name. But if a man is honourable what does it matter whether he is homo- or heterosexual, whether he has a wife or six mistresses? If he brings happiness to those with whom he associates then no one has the right to stand in judgment on him, because that is the only criterion for sexual matters.

DIANA M. CHAPMAN

294 Eastern Valley Way
E. Willoughby
New South Wales

RUSSIA AND DISARMAMENT

SIR,—I was astonished at your editorial comment that 'in recent weeks the onus of failure at Lancaster House has shifted decisively from the West to Russia. . . . The West, however, is open to criticism for faulty tactics'.

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That statement is the inverse of the truth: the Soviet government is guilty of faulty tactics, but the onus of failure has lain all along on the western governments, which have stalled and manœuvred to wreck disarmament while making public opinion believe it was all the fault of the Russians. From first to last the Soviet government have asked for an agreement on the suspension of tests, with inspection posts to see that the suspension is effectively observed as a practical first step to come into force prior to agreement being reached on wider issues. And from start to finish the Tory government have insisted on a 'package deal', that is, on mixing up suspension of tests with other matters, such as a cut-off in nuclear production, a limitation of conventional armaments, aerial inspection and watertight controls and, before comprehensive disarmament measures, Soviet agreement to the unification of Germany in Nato.

The demand for bringing into operation at once an agreement to suspend tests, without waiting for agreement on anything else, was made unanimously by the International Socialist Congress in Vienna, then by the Parliamentary Labour Party in the disarmament debate at the end of July, and now, also unanimously, by the Trades Union Congress.

Are we all wrong? Were the Parliamentary Labour Party and the TUC also wrong to accuse the government of stalling and not really wanting to disarm because it clung to the principle of the package deal? If not, why does the NEW STATESMAN charge the Soviet government with the 'onus of failure' because it has stuck to its rejection of the package deal?

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

COURT MARTIAL

SIR,—'Court Martial' has drawn attention to a legal system which has little democratic basis and which possesses a mere allusion to the system of justice in our civilian courts. That it is necessary for a fighting service to possess its own book of laws cannot be gainsaid, but the legal qualifications of the officers who defend and prosecute—and especially defend—are so negligible as to make a mockery of the whole proceedings.

As a commissioned officer I am in a position to be called upon to act as a defending officer in a court martial, yet the only legal training which the service has given me has been a short course whilst at OCTU, during which I was told to make myself familiar with the *Manual of Air Force Law* and certain sections of *Queen's Regulations*. These are my sole qualifications to defend an airman.

The service officer, in the eyes of the service department, is a versatile fellow. He can be ordered to take part in an audit, a court of inquiry, a court martial, or to take a summary of evidence, and at the same time pursue the day-to-day duties of his appointment. As these tasks result in an interruption of normal work most officers consider them a burden. This administration on the cheap is one of the most distressing features of service life and in the administering of justice incompetence resulting from lack of training is a betrayal of the ideals which the services have fought to maintain.

FLYING OFFICER

Germany

FRENCH PERIODICALS

SIR,—How would you (or anybody else) like it if a French paper printed an article on English weeklies and failed even to mention the NEW STATESMAN? Yet that is, roughly, what Sonia Orwell does when she omits *Esprit* from her (somewhat arbitrary) list of four 'dominating' French monthlies.

The main difference between *Temps Modernes* and *Esprit* is this: the former is *occasionally* important, for instance, when it publishes a sensational new *prise de position* by Sartre or (as it recently did) a special issue on Hungary or Poland. But the rest of the time it is usually just a jumble. *Esprit*, on the other hand, is consistently good as a monthly forum for progressive left-wing ideas, and also as a mine of information—which Sartre's review seldom is. *Esprit's* impact on French thought throughout the Cold War years of 1947-52, as well as during the present great colonial crisis, has been more *continuous* than that of any other monthly; its *Journal à Plusieurs Voix* is the most brilliant (if often acid) commentary I know on current political, cultural and 'human' topics, and its frequent special numbers (labour conditions, housing, colonies, Algeria, the educational or medical system in France, religion, art, literature, eastern Europe, Spain, Italy, Germany, etc.) are altogether admirable. Its book section is important. My own experience has taught me that a set of *Esprit* provides a clearer picture of French life and ideas in any given year than any other comparable publication. Unlike most monthlies, *Esprit* 'hangs together' and can be read from cover to cover; for no one has developed as well as J. M. Domenach and his team the very special technique that a 'highbrow' monthly also requires in order to be wholly readable. Though fully as 'highbrow' as *Temps Modernes*, *Esprit* has, I understand, with over 15,000 copies, at least three times the circulation of *T.M.*, among both Catholics and non-Catholics. Not to mention *Esprit* was either most unfair or deplorably absent-minded.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

DR GIRNUS AND THE SPD

SIR,—In your issue of 17 August 1957, your German Correspondent asserts that on 26 July I declared that everything had to be done to prevent the SPD winning the Bundestag election.

I must inform you that there is no truth in this assertion, which accords neither with the facts nor with my personal convictions. On 26 July I was on holiday and far too much occupied by swimming and sunbathing to worry about politics.

I should in fact be delighted if the Social Democrats in West Germany succeeded in turning out the Adenauer government and introducing a period of peaceful equalisation in Germany.

WILHELM GIRNUS

State Secretariat for High Schools
German Democratic Republic
Berlin

[Our Correspondent writes: Dr Girnus is correct about the slip-up in date, which I regret. I am interested to note his 'personal convictions'. Sources regarded in West Germany as entirely trustworthy credit him with very different ones. One view recently attributed to him was that 'if the SPD should win the federal elections, the influence of Social Democracy on the universities in the Soviet Zone would be stronger, since the rightist SPD leaders understood how to place in the foreground of their propaganda such points as found a ready response in the opportunist conceptions of certain circles of their students over there'. Dr Girnus has not, as far as I know, contradicted this report, which has appeared in the West German press.—ED., *N.S.*]

THE HINDI WRITER

SIR,—As an Indian I read Mr Rao's article on the Hindi writer with great interest. I am sure the vast majority of Indians view the enormous rise in the prestige of these writers with a great deal of pride.

There still exists a section of opinion which will resist the wider appreciation of the writing of the better Hindi writers. This resistance is most likely to come from the class who were closest to the English and who enjoyed privileges denied to those who wrote in Hindi.

As a Parsi I know that a great deal of this resistance will come from my community. Many Parsis still consider it rather ridiculous to learn Hindi and to read novels and plays in that language would seem superfluous to them. I believe a great deal of this attitude was brought about by their education. They went to the 'best' schools, that is those run by foreign missions. Here they never heard the Mahabharata or the Ramayan mentioned and all they ever came across in the way of Indian writing was Kipling. I myself went to one of these schools and I find it quite impossible to forgive them for depriving me of what is the most miraculous and treasured part of an Indian's inheritance.

Though we Parsis speak Gujerati, my mother has lately taught herself Hindi and after having passed several examinations is now teaching the language to children. She has met with quite a great deal of hostility from our friends who consider her attitude inexplicable. As for me I revere her for her persistance and am now making efforts to improve my own very inadequate Hindi. I wonder if Mr Rao will send me a list of books in Hindi which I may read with profit and which will give me an idea of the best work of contemporary Hindi writers.

GEV SURTI

Northampton

PIERREPOINT'S APOLOGIST

SIR,—It is certain that de Maistre does not ask us to admire the hangman. His references to that personage in the *Soirées* must be read in the context of what he says about war:

> An intelligence strange to our globe would pronounce the hangman to be a sublime being, the corner-stone of society. With what nobility of soul (he would say) must we invest a man who devotes himself to a function so obviously respectable and yet so painful. . . . As to the soldier this genial traveller would certainly declare him to be, by and large, a monster of cruelty and injustice. Yet our traveller would be wrong: the soldier and the executioner occupy indeed the two extremities of the social ladder, but in the inverse sense of this fine theory. . . . Look closer into the matter, and you will see that there is a mystery.

John Raymond acknowledges that the Count is known to have been in his personal life a kindly and benevolent man. His tender-heartedness was reflected in his thought, and has made his orthodoxy a matter of dispute. I quote from a *History of Philosophy* for Jesuit students by William Turner (1903):

> In the *Soirées* de Maistre touches on the relation of Divine Providence to human affairs, and speaks of a future religious renovation which he describes in somewhat mystical language as the submerging of all things and all men in the ocean of divinity.
>
> De Maistre could even be considered a democrat—after his own fashion—since he held that the test of truth (political as well as theological) was the general consent of mankind. The idea was adopted by the French liberal Catholics of the period and the Abbé Lammenais was reproached in Rome for thus throwing doubt on the power of the individual reason.

JOSEPH HONE

Leeson Park
Dublin

GREENE AND SHAW

SIR,—Your film critic writes that I was brought in to de-Protestantise Shaw's *St Joan*—a rather offensive suggestion. Such a role was never proposed to me nor would I have accepted it. I suspect that your reviewer remembers little of Shaw's play and knows less about Catholic doctrine. There is nothing in Shaw's play offensive to Catholics, although there are a number of historical inaccuracies. The play of course had to be cut for film purposes, but these cuts were mainly drawn from the long discussions on the growth of nationality and the decay of feudalism which would hardly have been understood by film audiences. No line was altered for the purpose of watering down Shaw's Protestantism or instilling a Catholic tone. Even the 'miracle' which your film critic in his notice attributed to my influence he could have found in the original play if he had been familiar with it. Perhaps the most intelligent appreciation of Shaw's play and the best defence of Shaw against ignorant Catholic criticism was written in the *Month* by Father Thurston, the distinguished Jesuit, at the time the play was produced.

GRAHAM GREENE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Days and Nights

I HAVE fought with this book* for days – and nights. It would, of course, have been possible not to accept its challenge: to dismiss Malraux as an amateur who rips works of art from their contexts to fill and glorify his own private museum – *Le Musée imaginaire*. In this last respect it is typical that almost none of the 150 paintings reproduced in this volume is dated in either the index or the text, and that, for example, Bosch is torn out of his period and out of his involvement in the secret heretical sects which heralded the Reformation, to be dumped down three hundred years later in Spain next to Goya, in order to confirm Malraux' own twentieth-century argument about the godless predicament of man in a tragic world! Yet, to dismiss Malraux in this way seems to me as wrong-headed as it is to proclaim him on the dust-jacket as a modern art historian. Malraux uses art as other men have used nature, to supply himself with images to express his own poetic moods and his philosophy. In the process he creates his own 'pathetic fallacies'. But his personal vision is intense enough to be arresting and the uses of art are sufficiently numerous to include even his.

And so, as I have said, one accepts the challenge of this deeply disturbing book, one fights and one reads. 'Others have become mediums on recovering from dreadful illnesses, Goya brought back from his (in 1792) an aura of the other world.' It is from this time onwards that Goya, now stone deaf, produced his greatest works: *The Caprices*, *The Disasters of War*, *The Shootings of May Third*, the wall paintings in his own Madrid house, *The House of the Deaf Man*, and *The Proverbs*. He painted and engraved demons and monsters. In his aquatints

> the resin dust brings him a world at once imaginary and remote – the other world. His patches of dark colour often seem to represent darkness but their function is more like that of the golden backgrounds of the Middle Ages; they take the scene out of reality and, as with the Byzantine scene, place it at once in a universe that does not belong to man. This black is devil's gold; it marks out the fantastic as strictly as the golden background had marked out the sacred.

And who is the devil? Satan for Goya is 'a dying man whose limbs have been cut off and of whom he asks "Why?"'

> The eternal question, 'What is the meaning of life *since* man is mortal?' had for centuries only been answered in Christian terms. The rationalist agnosticism of the time (the eighteenth century) passed it over or believed it had stifled it; the Bible it regarded as merely suspect history, or else it endeavoured, with Rousseau, to make love into the means of justice, forgetting that the love preached on the Mount belonged not to the heart but to the soul, was not sentimental but metaphysical, and that if it had spread over Europe this was not because it aimed to reconcile men, but rather to snatch them from a world sated with death. It was against metaphysical death beginning with its peremptory manifestation, cruelty, that Goya's reply was aimed. Deaf as he was, he could always hear the voice that never fails. He knew that it knows no answer, but he learned that there exists between it and art the same dialogue, majestic and hopeless, that exists between it and love.

Thus Goya confronted what Malraux calls 'the irremediable'. This confrontation affected everything he painted. 'The depicting of the imaginary appealed to him because for him it represented the outcropping of another world, and not, as it had meant to Venice, Rome and France, the embellishment of our world.' Modern art began. 'Goya reintroduced into painting the sword and blood, and that "realism" that begins with the beggar and ends with the ghost.' He paints the *Nude Maya*, and 'in her sexuality is no longer the lyrical call to possession of the world through living beings; participation in her loneliness is what this little Byzantine nocturne has to offer'. He paints *The Madhouse* and 'against the sinister naked walls the madman is no longer a masquerader, he is an accuser'. He paints the *Third of May* and – 'Since painting began what painter but Goya would have been able to realise the depth of the endless corridors around the imagined spot of blood that all the perfumes of Arabia would never wash away?' (This is well said. But one should add that in this painting there is no need for an imagined spot – there is a whole rock actually stained with blood.)

'Like the eyes of a cat, his imagination only lights up in the dark.' He shows himself 'to be the greatest interpreter of anguish the West has ever known'. His is 'the age-old religious accent of useless suffering rediscovered, perhaps for the first time, by a man who believed himself to be indifferent to God'. He paints 'the absurdity of being human,' and, 'our age has made it its business to interpret this jeer: it is the jeering of the condemned. There is wit in the courtyards which lead to execution; an ironical attitude similar to Goya's. Although his work was meant for no-one but himself, a haunting feeling unites his widely differing sketches in a unity of the prison-house – the *feeling of subjection*'.

Briefly, all these quotations reveal Malraux' main argument and his style. Time and again one suspects rhetoric, only to be brought up short by some pointed observation the truth of which it is very hard indeed to deny with the actual work by Goya before one's eyes. One can state that Goya was a self-confessed rationalist. One can quote his own introduction to *The Caprices*: 'Imagination, deserted by reason, begets impossible monsters. United with reason she is the mother of all arts, and the source of their wonders.' But unfortunately this was not adequate insurance against the dangers of the course Goya chose; passion often defeated reason. One can, as I have already pointed out, question many of Malraux' historical generalisations; but this does not alter the fact that his interpretation of Goya, however little sense it would have made in the nineteenth century, is tragically persuasive today.

Why then fight it? Because in Malraux' book the feeling of subjection is even stronger than in Goya's work: only one more straw is needed to turn it into a feeling of meaningless defeat. If a prophet of disaster is proved right by later events (and Goya was not only recording the Peninsular War, he was also prophesying) then that prophecy does not increase the disaster; to a very slight extent it lessens it, for it demonstrates that man can foresee consequences, which, after all, is the first step towards controlling causes.

The despair of an artist is often misunderstood. It is never total. It excepts his own work. In his own work, however low his opinion of it may be, there is the hope of reprieve. If there were not, he could never summon up the abnormal energy and concentration needed to create it. And an artist's work constitutes his relationship with his fellow-men. Thus for the spectator the despair expressed by a work can be deceiving. The spectator should always allow his comprehension of that despair to be qualified by *his* relationship with his fellow-men: just as the artist does implicitly by the very act of creation. Malraux, in my opinion – and in this he is typical of a large number of disillusioned intellectuals – does not allow this qualification to take place; or if he does, his attitude to his fellow-men is so hopeless that the weight of the despair is in no way lifted.

One cannot *prove* Malraux to be wrong. He uses Goya's art for one purpose. I would use it for another. One can only choose between the worth of the two purposes. I have quoted Malraux. May I now be excused for quoting myself?

> Obviously Goya sometimes used his own conflicts and fears as the starting point for his work, but he did so because he consciously saw himself as being typical of his time. His theme was what man was capable of doing to man. One of the most interesting confirmations of Goya's work being outward-turning is his use of light. In his works it is not, as with all those who romantically frighten themselves, the dark that holds horror and terror. It is the light that discloses them. Goya lived and observed through something near enough to total war to know that night is security and it is the dawn that one fears. The light in his work is merciless for the simple reason that it discloses cruelty.

The emphasis is only slightly different. It is in the meaning of Goya's darkness. Malraux believes that that darkness is a universe which 'does not belong to man'. I believe the darkness is simply darkness. Goya's warnings were the *opposite* of metaphysical: what he knew was that when corruption goes far enough, when the human possibilities are denied with sufficient ruthlessness, both ravager and victim can be made bestial. Finally, I would ask Malraux a key question: does not mortality cause despair in direct proportion to the degree in which mortality can appear to absolve from responsibility?

JOHN BERGER

* *Saturn: An Essay on Goya*. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Translated by C. W. CHILTON. *Phaidon*. 47*s*. 6*d*.

Augeias and I

Now like the cattle byre of Augeias
My work-room, Hercules, calls for the flood
Of Alpheus and Peneius, green as glass,
To hurtle down in catastrophic mood
And free me from accumulated piles
Of books, trays, journals, bulging letter-files.

Nostalgically, I remount the stairs
To that top room where once a sugar-case
Served me for chair – the house was poor in chairs –
A broken wash-stand lent me writing space,
And one wax-candle cast a meagre light;
Where all I wrote was what I itched to write.

Augeias, though, if he had dunged the trees,
Cornland and pot-herb garden studiously,
Would not have needed help from Hercules;
We stand accused of careless husbandry
When nothing less than floods or cleansing fire
Can purge my work-room and his cattle byre.

ROBERT GRAVES

The Rocks of Baun

A Queen once wrote to me when I was young
Who bid me come and join her levee,
And she was Empress of the Earth and Air,
Queen of the Night and Muse of poetry.
When I was young and lived three miles from Enniskerry.

Lady, when first you bid me join your levee,
And forsake my fields and every trade and furrow
But yours alone to follow,
You reigned, as I believed, in perfect beauty,
Over the nightside hills three miles from Enniskerry.

Yet, Lady, how soon how often you became a nagger!
A hag to hate, old rasping nutmeg grater,
Drear ancient crone with shrill loud scolding voice.
But then, just as I'd think that all was lost,
And I must die unknown alone three miles from Enniskerry

You'd be again the Queen of Night, no glimmering girl,
But woman grave and gay with regal sympathy
To lift me up and set me at your feet
And bind me fast with silken throngs into your service.
I, your Mercury to speed afar and far from Enniskerry.

I never asked if then the harness that I wore –
Your harness, Lady – I wore for good or ill?
I never asked or knew just how I stood with you,
Or if my service gave you pleasure, if I pleased –
I only knew you set my feet to go, a longish way from Enniskerry.

Far ranging on frontiers or toiling at your shrine
Has been my fate, Lady, as any messenger,
Though in your worldwide Court I'm still your rebel poet
As when first you put the finger on me and I ran
Through tumbling nights and days, and returned no more to Enniskerry.

EWART MILNE

Glum Felicities

On Poetry and Poets. By T. S. ELIOT. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Thirty years hence, everyone, so I believe, will be taught at school that Mr Eliot's literary criticism falls into two phases, and that *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, appearing in 1933, marks the beginning of the second phase.

Children will learn to approach Mr Eliot's first phase by way of his own statement:

> The best of my *literary* criticism . . . consists of essays on poets and poetic dramatists who had influenced me. It is a by-product of my private poetry-workshop; or a prolongation of the thinking that went into the formation of my own verse.

Between 1917 and 1932 Mr Eliot wrote a dozen essays on individual poets and dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to such effect that a revolution in taste and understanding ensued. These essays established a new orthodoxy, and educated the sensibility of younger people so thoroughly as to ensure that this orthodoxy should not fail, in the foreseeable future, for lack of intelligent support. The demonstrative method of these essays – I mean their habit of holding fast to the texts under discussion, and of issuing into critical generalisation through the study of those texts – became a model for Mr Eliot's successors, who often coupled with them another early essay, *The Function of Criticism*, as a kind of manifesto.

Tradition and the Individual Talent, the most effective of all attacks on the prevailing attitude to literary history and the poetic process, falls within the same period: so do the two essays on Seneca, both of them learned beyond what a general reader could suspect, and nowadays loudly commended by the people who used to tell their pupils that Mr Eliot's vogue would not outlast that of the Yo-Yo. It is in this period that one finds Mr Eliot addressing himself to particular questions in a way that invites wider application: the 'objective correlative' theory, advanced *ad hoc* to help him account for his dissatisfaction with *Hamlet*, is one example; the category of 'savage farce', invented for *The Jew of Malta* but at the same time awakening one to the carelessness with which such terms as 'tragi-comedy' and 'melodrama' are commonly used, is another – both of them more fruitful than the justly famous 'dissociation of sensibility' doctrine which has something merely theoretical about it.

This body of criticism belongs to the time when Mr Eliot was fighting for his own poetry. It therefore concentrates, as his statement suggests, on poets and kinds of poetry that were helpful to him, and neglects those that were not. One need not look further than Keats's Odes to see how sketchy are Mr Eliot's published opinions on craftsmanship, tradition and subjectivity – three of his favourite themes – in relation to the Romantic poetry that was actually written, as opposed to that flimsy concept of Romanticism which he made the foil to his own ambition. And of course this criticism has other limitations of scope not directly attributable to Mr Eliot's poetry-workshop: there is the tendency, perhaps a New England inheritance, to worry the idea of culture to death; and there is the talk – Flaubertian talk, reflecting only one kind of talent – about the 'fearful toil' of composition. People sometimes dwell upon these limitations, even make a personal issue of them – the pursed lip, the sharp eye: visible notes towards a definition of culture – because Mr Eliot is a great writer standing immediately in front of a generation that must somehow get round him in order to say its own say. (D. H. Lawrence has been brought to the fore partly as the desired antithesis of Mr Eliot.) But nobody denies that the poetry-workshop produced criticism as fine as any in our literature, between the years 1917 and 1932.

The essays in Mr Eliot's new book were all, with one exception, written between 1933 and 1956, and belong to the second phase. One notices at once the absence of polemic: the asperity and magnificent fighting intelligence of his early work ('Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things') are nowhere to be found. The tone is relaxed and good-natured; there are garrulous passages, and some which even tread the verge of fatuity:

> Just as in a well arranged dinner, what one enjoys is not a number of dishes by themselves but the combination of good things, so there are pleasures of poetry to be taken in the same way: and several very different poems, by authors of different temperaments and different ages, when read together, may each bring out the peculiar savour of each other, each having something that the others lack.

Any journalist or professor could have written that: many have, more or less. And one notices a number of old-campaigner tricks, to make the ideas spin out. Thus when Mr Eliot is going to say something trite, he does it this way: 'It is a commonplace to observe that the meaning of a poem may wholly escape paraphrase'. And he sets about repeating himself like this: 'At this point I can fancy the reader murmuring: "I'm sure he has said all this before." I will assist memory by supplying the reference'. (The coolness of that second example distinguishes the very old campaigner.)

Bitter Lemons

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Some of these essays – *The Social Function of Poetry, What is a Classic?, Virgil and the Christian World* – are too general to be profitably classed with Mr Eliot's criticism: one looks for different virtues in them, and finds, not seldom, a reminiscent wisdom characteristic of the best of his recent work. But the main strength lies where it always lay – in the partnership of poetic and critical effort; and *Poetry and Drama*, where one has the sense of that partnership surviving, is the best piece in the book. *Johnson as Critic and Poet* is also good: the polemic has gone, but one is consoled by 'Nowadays we use words so loosely that a writer's meaning may sometimes be concealed from us, simply because he has said exactly what he meant' – and by other glum felicities of the same kind.

JOHN JONES

New Novels

The Wedded Life. By CHRISTOPHER ARNOLD. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Man on the Beach. By DAVID STUART LESLIE. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The Obsession of Emmet Booth. By KATRIN HOLLAND. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Great Oak. By JACK LINDSAY. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

The pursuit of the *Zeitgeist* is a hopeless quest, like searching the train for a passenger who has gone to ground in the lavatory, but it is our duty. Novels which give you that contemporary feeling deserve special attention; even if you cannot decide whether, or to what extent, the feeling is due to the writer's youth, or to imitation, the fact that a book reads as if it could have been written only about the Nineteen-Fifties is in itself a sign. One such is *The Wedded Life*, an unquestionably promising first novel. It contains all the landmarks: class interpenetration and lower middle-class-consciousness, juvenile delinquency, premature marital incompatibility, a provincial setting with a yellow-brick university in the background.

It is told in the first person by Gordon Race, a young scientist. His mother is dying; he is at odds with his wife; he threatens at first to be a typecast young angry, but he mellows and broadens as the book goes on. Another interesting contemporary feature that is stressed is the way Sheffield appears to have gone all Bohemian. One moment you are in highly respectable academic family surroundings; the next you are in the underworld. Gordon's friend, Frank, a kind of homosexual latter-day Sydney Carton, is infatuated with Maurice, a youth on the fringe of a teenage gang whose members are trying to involve him in serious crime. Also rungs in the descending ladder are Gordon's ex-girl friend, Heather, and her husband. There is a little violence in the dance-hall but Frank's death is teatabled and there is no sensationalism; you get a reasonably strong conviction that this is the way things do happen. The characterisation is nice. Mr Arnold has a gift for dialogue and can hit off an individual such as poor Maurice's idiotic mother in a few phrases. The end left me a little foxed; was it ironic or did it presage the religious revival to the rescue of wayward youth? I shall look forward to his second novel.

There is some juvenile delinquency, including a faintly similar dance-hall scene, in *The Man on the Beach*, and here too the milieu is the lower middle-class border line; but this is really a biographical novel rooted in the Thirties. The familiar chronological sequence is varied by an ingenious, perfectly permissible, narrative device. This presents, one after the other, the boys and young men who have played important parts in the hero's life. He, Robert Collinwood, is Catholic-educated, poverty-crippled and adrift, but intelligent and independent-minded. The mood is wry-light with plenty of self mockery. Scenes include monastery-school, Notting Hill Gate bed-sitters for young business gents, and an advanced drama group. The writing is quite crisp and you feel you are seeing plenty of life.

There is nothing up to the minute about *The Obsession of Emmet Booth*, but it is most skilfully written, an enormously superior woman novelist's *tour de force*. Its author has been disciplining her story-telling by thriller writing; a strong current of suspense persists, but it is all subordinated to the main theme which is sexual. Emmet Booth is a singularly repulsive little self-made New York tycoon, so differentially greedy and so integrally acquisitive that I defy a Freudian characterologist to decide whether he is more oral than anal. He falls in love with Miranda, a young widow recently bereaved and still emotionally numb. Most of the action is seen through her eyes: in London where she goes to recuperate and where Emmet pursues her (I wish she would give us the address of that little place, 'half-shop, half-restaurant, where oysters were tasted and ordered by the buyers of the big hotels'); later in New York, where she falls deeper and deeper into his octopoid sucker-clutches. The description of this 36-year-old widow's mental processes is neatly done, and you are quite convinced for most of the time by the contrary hypnotic fascination which the appalling Emmet exercises over her.

And now for Mr Lindsay and the sixteenth century. What an admirable and instructive historical novelist he is! His detail is formidable, the product of huge industry. He writes with passion for which I do not think he gets enough credit. The subject of *The Great Oak* (under which this premature Commonwealth held its meetings) is the East Anglian rebellion of 1549 led by Robert Kett against the Enclosures Acts. This, the largest peasant uprising since 1381 and the most forceful protest against the Tudor Enclosures, denounced by More as well as Marx, succeeded in capturing Norwich. It was put down with atrocious severity by Warwick (later Northumberland), though even he had to remind the gentry that unless they left some rustics alive they would have to do the tilling themselves. It is the kind of episode, one of those nodal buds nipped off history's main stem, that is always particularly attractive to writers of a historical materialist bent. Mr Lindsay is careful to avoid the danger of being carried away by the revolutionary situation and projecting too much present-day political ideology into the past. His principal characters who take part in all the scrupulously described Tudor tumbling and turbulence, with popular speech, songs and superstitions in copious supply, include Bessy, a lost girl, daughter of Flowerdew, a landowner who was a key figure in the real situation; Ned Futter, son of a starved victim; a strange figure known as the Ratter, and Nan, a witch. Each of these is credited with a very intense personal emotional life; their actions are invested with a singular poetic, sometimes almost mystical rapture, which is at times deeply impressive. With the rather enigmatic equivocal Kett, Mr Lindsay is not quite so successful. Mr Lindsay is always inclined to write scenarios rather than stories, and the reader will feel the lack of a narrative focus, but this remains an exceptionally vivid exercise in re-creation.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Love of Danger

Mary Kingsley. By CECIL HOWARD. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

A work of art is one thing; the natural reality from which it has been derived, is another. It is strange to read Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* one week and Mary Kingsley's life and account of her African travels the next. One is exchanging art for common-sense, the diffused and brooding sense of evil, betrayal and corruption in the tropical scene for the spirited effort to see clearly and understand. One writer is opening up a soul, the other a country. Of course, the comparison between the two travellers has no relevance; but one can't help having it at the back of one's mind. Mary Kingsley stuck up for the cannibals; to 'nameless' practices she sought to give a name and explanation. She preferred the rough justice and experience of the realistic trader to the incurious and impervious missionary. She thought the talk about drink a lot of humbug: imported gin was less ferocious in effect than the native alcohols. She believed in empire and did a little trade in ivory herself, partly because she had a prudent sense of money and partly to cover her scientific studies and to make her presence explicable to the inhabitants. She thought the missionaries' Christian sense of sin foolish, slack and demoralising. She stood out for the understanding of native morality. If darkness had a heart, as far as she was concerned it was in Europe which had not yet even succeeded in converting itself to Christianity.

Mr Cecil Howard's new *Life* adds little beyond

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

a few political reflections to Stephen Gwynn's excellent study written some twenty years ago. These reflections are acute as far as they go. There is no bibliography and the index is poor. Mr Howard is, all the same, readable. His narrative relies naturally on Mary Kingsley's own delightful writing now out of print. It is an exaggeration to say she is forgotten. She belongs to the great tradition of African travel, adding the bold eccentricity of the late Victorian spinster to it, and she stands, among women, with Florence Nightingale and Gertrude Bell. All of her political campaigns on behalf of the Africans failed, from her point of view; but as Mr Howard says, she was a sharp, practical and refreshing influence, an awakener, a dispeller of conventional ideas which had been comfortably installed in the harsh mind of Victorian piety.

She went up the tropical rivers dressed in white blouse, long black skirt and bonnet. She thanked God she did not follow her friends' advice and wear trousers: the thick folds of her skirt saved her when she fell on to the ivory spikes of a leopard trap. She went on, shooing crocodiles away with a stick, withering leopards with a word, travelling in native canoes, sleeping in native huts, eating native food, chatting with witch doctors, arguing with missionaries, negotiating with cannibals and collecting her specimens of fish and reptile. She demonstrated that it was not inevitable to get yellow fever, and that it was possible to laugh. Africa ceased to be a lugubrious hymn; it had become viable to this odd mixture of agnostic adventurer and imperialist, scholar and good-humoured amateur.

Mary Kingsley's peculiar gift – apart from courage: she professed not to know what fear was unless it was a strong taste of salt in one's mouth – was her dry and ironical humour. It recalls something of Waterton, something even of Twain on the Mississippi. Mr Howard quotes liberally. This passage from one of her journeys with the Fan cannibals, is very close to Twain:

> I must not forget to mention the other member of our party, a Fan gentleman with the manners of a Duke and the habits of a dustbin. He came with us quite uninvited by me and never asked for any pay; I think he only wanted to see the fun and drop in for a fight if there was one going on and pick up the pieces generally. He was evidently a man of some importance from the way others treated him: and moreover he had a splendid gun, with a gorilla skin sheath for its lock, and ornamented all over its stock with brass nails. His costume consisted of a small piece of dirtying rag round his loins and whenever we were going through dense undergrowth, or wading a swamp, he wore that filament tucked up scandalously short. Whenever we were sitting down in the forest and having one of our nondescript meals, he always sat next to me and appropriated the tin of tobacco. Then he would fill his pipe and turning to me with an easy grace of aristocracy, would say what may be translated as:
>
> 'My dear Princess, could you favour me with a Lucifer.'
>
> I used to say:
>
> 'My dear Duke, charmed, I'm sure' and give him one ready lit. I dared not trust him with the box whole, having a personal conviction that he would have kept it.

Flint and steel were the Duke's usual implements but his gunpowder and snuff always got mixed in his bag; getting a light meant a farcical explosion and a ten-minute attack of sneezing.

Mary was a daughter of one of three famous Kingsley brothers. Her oddity may have its roots in her inordinate adoration of her father. The passion survived his death and not until late in life – she died at the age of thirty-eight, nursing Boer prisoners in South Africa – did any man interest her emotionally and then unavailingly. He was as inaccessible as herself. Her masterful father was a captivating talker, a reckless traveller who spent years on end away from his family and drove his timid wife to neurasthenia. He ruthlessly wrote to her from all over the world about his narrow escapes from violent death. He was a totally self-centred and delightful man of disordered genius. Mary admired – and copied – his bad language. She read all the books in his library, yet her life at home had all the hard, character-forming (or character-destroying) Victorian servitude. She nursed her sick mother for years. She waited hand and foot on her weak and undistinguished brother on whom all the money had been spent. She was only partially freed by her parents' death. She confessed to Stephen Gwynn that there was a hollow in her nature, something cold and not disturbed by cruelty. The love of danger suggests some buried ferocity, a satisfaction in suffering. It is often noticeable in explorers. She undoubtedly went out, in her own field, for the pleasures of power. The appetite appears again and again in the lives of the saints; unsaintly herself, she may have been making up for the frustrations of her girlhood. I would have thought it enough to say that she came of a brilliant family and that, sooner or later, great gifts become exigent.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The New Class by Milovan Djilas, which was fully discussed by Barbara Castle in our issue of 10 August, is now published by Thames and Hudson at 21s.

hh

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A. D. C. Peterson is author of *100 Years of Education* ("extremely readable, well-balanced and fair-minded" —*Journal of Education*) and Headmaster of Dover College. In 1958 he becomes Head of the Oxford University Department of Education. 7/6 *net* (by post 8/-)

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The Mind of the South

When the World Ended: The Diary of Emma LeConte. Edited by EARL SCHENCK MIERS. *Oxford.* 32*s.*

The mills of Civil War history are grinding smaller as its centenary approaches and researchers and publishers rush to anticipate the market. This diary, kept by a girl of 17 in Columbia, South Carolina, is a grain of wheat in a mountain of chaff. Emma LeConte was a sensitive, literate and prejudiced adolescent who recorded her impressions as Sherman's army moved up from Savannah, occupied and effectively destroyed her home town, and passed on northwards. The value of her record lies in its sharp reflection of the mind of the South—its vanity, its courage, and its inability to understand what was happening to it. It did not know that it was losing, or how it could lose, or why it had lost.

The hardships were accepted: shoes at $150 a pair, calico dresses, underwear of unbleached homespun ('such as we gave the Negroes formerly, only much coarser'), food shortages, candles at two dollars apiece. But the caste structure, based on slavery, is maintained to and beyond the end. Emma writes after the fire that destroyed Columbia: 'If Jane offers to clean up our room, all very well—if not we do it ourselves. . . . This is my first experience of work of this kind and I find it is better than doing nothing. The Negroes, when we ask, however, seem quite willing and have not given us the slightest impertinence'. The former slaves are still mindless extras on the southern stage: communication with the Negro mass is through the softening medium of household servants—the means by which White rulers in the South are still monumentally and deliberately misinformed about Negro opinion.

The devil appears here not in tattered flour-bags, but uniform blue, men of 'the meanest type of the mean nation'. Perhaps, Emma wrote, 'Negroes may come in contact with them without being degraded, but I doubt it, for the Negro is an imitative race. He has been elevated to some extent but will quickly retrograde in associating with such White people as these'. What Emma (quite justifiably) feared was 'a conciliatory policy from the North, that they will let us come back as before . . . rather sullenly submit and bide our time'. No wonder that, the next day, she wrote: 'Hurrah! Old Abe Lincoln has been assassinated . . . this blow to our enemies comes like a gleam of light'. This diary reveals the moral blindness of the South, its capacity for self-deception, and its ability to live with its problem only by two distinct codes of behaviour. Unfortunately, its world did not end with defeat. It sullenly submitted and bided its time.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

'One has now read so many books on Spain,' said V. S. Pritchett, in *The Bookman*, 'that one despairs of anything new; but Miss Tracy is quietly and often quite devastatingly new and amusingly modest.' Reviewers have combined to praise Honor Tracy's **Silk Hats and No Breakfast**, and the second impression of the book is selling fast at **15s.**

METHUEN

This is a Warning. Citizens needing a good night's sleep are advised not to choose Jonathan Latimer's **The Lady in the Morgue** for their book at bedtime. This classic, racy spine-chiller (it involves William Crane, that unique and drowsy detective, in one of the most hair-raising episodes of crime fiction) is now republished by Methuen at **12s 6d**

A Dostoevsky Find

The Double. By F. M. DOSTOEVSKY. Translated by GEORGE BIRD. *Harvill Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Things had been hurrying from bad to worse; he hadn't been invited, had tried to make a speech, and been thrown out; and here he was, in the sleet of a November evening, on the Embankment. One galosh gone—certainly he was not himself! Then, damn it, why must this stranger turn up, leaning on the railing and addressing him? Shaking some of the snow off he made for home. But there again, coming towards him, was the stranger. Where *had* he seen him before? The man was off, he followed, and saw him turn into *his* street and *his* doorway. He was just in time to follow him into the apartment, and there sitting on the bed—his bed—was another, a living image—himself. . . .

How much of Dostoevsky remains unexplored! That great continent is re-mapped for us every few years by biographers and scholars, and we go back, but only to the areas we know. One can't read *The Idiot* or *The Brothers Karamazov* too often; or at least one isn't likely to. Chance may take us into fresh country; Paris bookstalls cherish a Dostoevsky *inconnu*, journals, tales (*Une Facheuse Affaire*), even novels (*Netochka Nezvanova*) not met with elsewhere. However, here's a Dostoevsky we might claim as our own. *The Double* has appeared in English before, but a long time ago, I think, and hideously; and this new version can boast of having reclaimed a bit of the jungle.

The Double was the second of Dostoevsky's novels. After the success of *Poor Folk*, its author had plunged into society and suffered all the agonies of the uncouth. If only they—or he—would conform! Something like a split threatened; the *alter ego* was mocker and intriguer, always threatening to ruin his real self—if, poor thing, it was real. Through all the succession of his great novels this idea was to haunt him. In *The Double* it appears for the first time and naked. But the book—more a long story than a novel—failed with a public expecting something in the way of realism; and, rather unaccountably, it has gone on failing since. This has the advantage for us that we come to it fresh, and are moreover better placed to enjoy its qualities; for if *The Double* harks back—as, most pleasurably, it does—to Gogol, it also looks forward to Kafka. *The Metamorphosis* might have been written under its influence (and perhaps was?): these humiliations and nightmare terrors, the face thrust close, women's distant beckoning, the circle of 'others' closing in—in Kafka they found their mathematician. But Dostoevsky is their father-conjuror. With him there is rage and freedom, even in so meek and acquiescent a character as Golyadkin, the civil servant. In tangling issues the reader is swept forward, urged to action, explosion. All that this early story lacks—it is described by the way, as 'A Poem of St Petersburg'—is the ecstasy, the serenity of the Dostoevskian fit. Cloudy states remain lit but cloudy; there's some vagueness in conversation, in hints of the past, in quarrels and persecutions, and the sudden appeal of the unapproachable and quite unapproached dear one for an elopement. These apart, the tale is marvellously conducted, with humour, terror, and sympathy, to a right end. Needless to say, since Dostoevsky even at twenty-five is Dostoevsky, one is swept along as though holding on to an old horse engine dashing to a fire.

It improves with re-reading; though the attempt in the introduction to push it—'In scope *The Double* is much inferior to the major novels, as a work of art it eclipses them'—may be dismissed as translator's gush. Dostoevsky himself knew better when he said that it was ten times better than *Poor Folk*, but positively did not come off. It is, however, the most exciting new flash of his genius that has come our way for thirty years. The translation, by George Bird, is above what one might call Dostoevsky average, but slips sometimes—I know how easily this can happen—from the up to date to the odd.

G. W. STONIER

Plain Good Intention

Viscount Samuel. By JOHN BOWLE. *Gollancz.* 30*s.*

One of the supreme virtues of our political system is that it throws up, in every generation, lieutenants of determined good will. Unconcerned with the personal paradigm of power—except in so far as holding office gives them the chance to push forward their policies—they begin and end their careers as knights errant, bent only on increasing the common stock of well-being. Men like Romilly, Huskisson, Cobden, Bright, Arthur Henderson and Oliver Stanley mitigate and sweeten the rat-race of politics. They are the chivalry of an industrial age. As Chesterton wrote of Mill, there was about him

> even a sort of embarrassment; he exhibited all the wheels of his iron universe rather reluctantly, like a gentleman in trade showing ladies over his factory. There shone in him a beautiful reverence for women, which is all the more touching because, in his department, as it were, he could only offer them so dry a gift as the Victorian Parliamentary Franchise.

It is to this congenial band that Lord Samuel emphatically belongs. 'No one,' wrote Graham Wallas to him at the outset of his career, 'can limit the amount of good you can do', and certainly in his 86 years he has accomplished more in this line than many far grander and more tempestuous figures. One way and another, there is a great deal of Lord Samuel on the Statute Book. As a Liberal architect of the welfare state, as a begetter of modern Israel, as the man who composed the General Strike, he has a powerful claim on our attention. Mr Bowle's great merit is that,

under his hand, all this undramatic foresight and common sense – what Gilbert Murray called Samuel's 'undaunted and infectious reasonableness' – should so warm the imagination. His book is more than a valuable and vividly written political biography. It is a fine piece of social history and the best coroner's inquest on British Liberalism that has appeared since George Dangerfield's *Strange Death of Liberal England*. I recommend it to everyone whose mind, like mine, is fixated on that dreadful shift of the national temper that occurred during the month of December, 1916. No one would deny that Lloyd George won the war; just as surely he lost the peace and broke the mould of Asquithian England. From him and his entourage flowed much of our subsequent woe.

To write the life of a politician while he is still alive seems to pose every kind of problem, yet Mr Bowle has surmounted his difficulties most capably. He is discreet, of course, but one never has the feeling that he is holding much back or that Lord Samuel's eventual absence from the scene will demand much alteration of his general picture. This is probably due to the peculiarly tenacious nature of Samuel's altruism. A man who turns down the Board of Trade in his political youth and the Privy Seal in old age, both for the sake of principle, is in little danger of having his pre-obituary notice revised by posterity. Far more than is usual with politicians, Lord Samuel's works are the sum of his political days. Like Lord Shaftesbury – whom in his blind spots he somewhat resembles – he will be remembered not as a character but as a humanitarian: as the framer of the Children Act of 1908 (his own favourite achievement), as a great Home Secretary and pro-consul in Palestine. His role in the General Strike, in the forming of the National Government, and in supporting Chamberlain's appeasement policy is far more disputable, though Mr Bowle is rightly at pains to show how, in each case, Samuel was imprisoned by his own Liberal dialectic. He himself was the theorist of post-Gladstonian Liberalism – Mr Bowle suggests that his book made a powerful contribution to the victory of 1906 – and he has remained something of a doctrinaire all his life. Only in his 'Rabbinical forthrightness', the onslaughts that he has delivered on the moral decline of the nation and the need to maintain our present absurd sexual laws, has he fallen badly below his own liberal standards.

His biographer has made good use of the Samuel and Asquith papers entrusted to him, and his book is full of lively period touches. It is good, for instance, to know that Dean Inge went in fear of the Suffragettes. Again, Mr Bowle is good on Samuel's relations with the Fabians and with Wells, who satirised him so cruelly as 'Lewis' in *The New Machiavelli*. 'Then,' wrote Wells, out of an obvious chip-on-the-shoulder,

> there was Lewis, further toward Kensington than his cousins, the Solomons and Hartsteins, lived, a brilliant representative of his race, able, industrious and invariably uninspired, with a wife a little in revolt against the racial tradition of feminine servitude.

This, written at the period of the Marconi Scandal, is very much of its time. Yet not the least of Mr Bowle's merits is that he insists on the essentially Jewish character of Samuel's public service. We must continue to thank heaven for our Solomons and Hartsteins, even as the French, had they the sense, should thank heaven for a Mandel or a Mendès-France.

JOHN RAYMOND

For Those Still Standing

All That Fall: A Play for Radio. By SAMUEL BECKETT. *Faber. 5s.*

Two hundred and eighty-three years since blind Milton died; after, what in English they call Poetry and Drama is – Blake apart – the work of Irishmen and others. Following Yeats, Beckett. Maybe Dylan Thomas chases around the ghost of a muse out there, halloeing and thinking a little: Beckett, he thinks all the time.

Not the quality of thought to put a trim, usually trivial, idea or character or situation before you, plop, to be passively known, simply rejected: but the thinking quality which, even as it moves, involves; so you duck and twist with it, becoming all worried, forced in beware and alarm to make your own ramifications over what Beckett has floated out. Since 1945 he has written like this. *all that fall* is most like it.

First off, of course, you reach for the text and pick out this symbol, that type. Some tempted critics, getting commentaries in on the ground floor, have been chivvied into 'a modern morality play, on permanent Christian themes' and like tush. It won't work. Treated thus the text grows thinly ambiguous, vanishes. What's left is critical predilection and critical autobiography. For weeks, until the editor brings down his guillotine, theorists rage in the *T.L.S.*; Dustbin Philosophy, it's said; how true, how loathsome, it's said. But only one thing is sure. They must think about it with consternation who have been drawn into the blind-alley world.

There is nothing new in *all that fall*. Perhaps the sky lowers more. One character is blind, another raddled, the third a fool. They fulfill their wishes. But they get nowhere. Mrs Rooney cries out:

> What kind of a country is this where a woman can't weep her heart out on the highways and byways without being tormented by retired billbrokers!

And she cries again:

> For there was a moment there, I remember now, I was so plunged in sorrow I wouldn't have heard a steam roller go over me.

And it's all true. She can say and get away with that, even though she is a frowsty old bitch loose in the hilts who gets humped in and out of the bucket seat of a fancy car tearing her grubby underclothes while we laugh and laugh. Or like Mr Watt taking a quiet leak behind the rose-bush there, hoping he's not observed, observing the friendliness of his own limbs together, like we all have one time or another, yet no one of us has known how to put it down and make it great. For great it is; not exactly Mrs Rooney or Mr Watt, the ashcan on the right, or the dream on the left; but the site of it all, the stale dignity of this world made up. They're ten feet tall, these cretins; the back yard or the wet country road, a dominion.

Our popular young prose-writers for book and stage have gone so far out lately that there has been a great to-do about Commitment. In the dying beast it's healthy, let's suppose. Really though, is all my eye; before talking over their Commitments they must first get back to where Auden and Yeats left off. As things are, it boils down to great critical urgings-on, plus confessionals about voting (Mr Amis's Fabian tract). Creatively, it has disgorged two things we have been forever warning ourselves against: a variant of social realism (period piece, *Look Back in Anger*, see Pinero) and the Great Return to a less plausible, though no less Authoritarian, *mystique* than T. S. Eliot peddled back in '26.

Slightly ahead of all this, western Europe has produced two great playwrights, Brecht and Beckett; neither of whom ever entertained a social-realist or mystical Authoritarian idea in his born days. *all that fall*, as the *Trial of Lucullus*, is radio triumphant. Produced with great skill a few months ago on the disintegrating Third Programme, its note was something new, and fitted; in seconds Beckett established a world complete. Not a part of the true world, to be sure, though we have all stood there in the crooked shining light, among engines rushing about. But a world beyond doubt; not a slice of life 'in the sticks'.

Nobody inquires whether or not Beckett is Committed. Obviously, he is. Committed, because absolutely involved with people and things; his weekday self their barbed instrument. If he needs therapy – and he does not – he will never debase his art to that task. Listening to Beckett does not mean we have bought a vulgar exhibition of complacent or frantic self, involved in nothing but itself, therefore committed to nothing. It is not the author who goes begging away, but the audience. For Beckett's characters lack a great deal more than attentive fathers and loving mothers. Very likely they had both; the matter's indifferent. Their lack is for first and last things, even as they know such exist. And this huge lack bears witness to their need for Heaven and their hope of Paradise. Yes, Mrs Rooney and Watt are laughable, filthy; but their squalor has awful magnificence.

Hear them get up and howl, howl till we shall either do something about ourselves or walk out, three time losers. Most of us walk out; but a man who, in the hangman's house, speaks pointedly of ropes, will very likely follow us away, his abominable troop smelling after our footsteps.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

'Of all cities Rome remains the most monumental and august,' said Raymond Mortimer in *The Sunday Times*, when recommending H. V. Morton's **A Traveller in Rome** to his readers. Mr. Morton furnishes 'a mass of enjoyable information about the varied past of Rome, artfully diluted with stories of the persons he met there.' **A Traveller in Rome** is a Book Society Non-Fiction Choice, and is fully illustrated in colour and monotone. **25s**

METHUEN

W. J. Braithwaite played an essential part in the shaping of Lloyd George's great National Health Bill of 1912. His memoirs, **Lloyd George's Ambulance Wagon**, edited by Sir Henry Bunbury, give a revealing picture of the clash of outstanding personalities. **30s**

In England, Don't Spit!

A Regency Visitor: The Letters of Prince Pückler-Muskau. Edited by E. M. BUTLER. *Collins.* 21*s.*

Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau – 'Pickling Mustard' to English wags of the period – was not so much a character as an anthology of doubtful jokes. He belongs in part to the world of Disraeli's novels; in part to the whispering glades of the scandal magazines; and in part to the libretto of a nineteenth-century comic opera. Hereditary absolute ruler of the small principality of Muskau, he was a spindly pillar of the *ancien régime*, preferring landscape gardening to local administration. An elegant and plausible traveller, he was credited with more loves than Don Juan's and Solomon's put together. Noble, extravagant, and impoverished, he sought to repair his fortunes by a series of matrimonial projects, all of which ended in various forms of fiasco. There was the widowed Lady Lansdowne, who set up house with him in 1815, but was tearfully dissuaded from marriage by her family and friends. There was Lucie, Countess of Pappenheim, whom he married two years later, in 1817. During their engagement, he drew on her dowry to hire English grooms and coachmen, a French chef and a castleful of servants, as well as to plant more than a million trees.

Conjugal affluence was followed by disaster when Muskau was incorporated into Prussia and Lucie was disinherited by her father. The pair's sole asset was Pückler's titled person: so they sadly divorced each other, and he came to England in 1826 to look for another nubile heiress. There was a Miss Gibbins, who had £50,000; there was a Miss Windham, with £40,000; there was an anonymous (and unattractive) redhead, with £100,000; there was Harriet Bonham, with only £10,000 but with a charming married sister; and there was a maddening Miss Hamlet, who tantalised Pückler with a bait of £200,000. But all these came to nothing. Even Henrietta Sontag, with whom he formed a brief alliance, turned out to be secretly committed to Count Pellegrino Rossi. There was nothing for it but to return to Lucie, with whom he had always intended to settle again with his heiress in tow. Lucie, at least, understood him. After all, he had kept her voluminously posted on his search for her successor.

In fact, it was Pückler's letters, describing Great Britain to Lucie, that finally made his name and restored their fortunes. Published anonymously in 1830, they caused a stir in Europe: translated into English in four volumes two years later, they delighted the *Westminster Review*, displeased the *Edinburgh*, and scandalised the *Quarterly*. The proprietors of *The Times* made guarded comments: strange rumours disturbed the Travellers' Club. Even stranger marks of tenderness were exchanged by the Prince and his translator; but they also disagreed about her editorship. 'You are taking away,' he complained, 'every "sel" of my book.' 'Those passages which you are pleased to call the "sel",' she stoutly replied, 'I take leave to call the dirt of your book.' Even so, its English critics decried its 'audacity' and 'shameful treachery'.

In her Preface to the present edition, Miss Butler describes Pückler's original letters as 'unparalleled in my experience in the expressiveness with which they disclosed the stark, unadulterated, overpowering truth of his emotional life. Reticences, discretions, inhibitions he had none when writing to Lucie.' But to this day, no unbowdlerised edition has ever been published; and the letters themselves may not have survived. Ludmilla Assing's selection of Pückler's diaries and correspondence restored some of the fortune-hunting passages, and Miss Butler has given a sprightly account of his adventures both in her previous full-length biography and in her Preface here. Unfortunately, her edition of the correspondence is merely a reprint, slightly abridged, of the letters in Mrs Austin's translation which deal with England and London. Moreover, her own further abridgements sometimes occur at irritating moments – curtailing, for instance, a phrenologist's 'astonishing' account of Pückler's character, which to the uninstructed reader sounds promising.

But despite the blue pencils wielded in turn by Pückler, Mrs Austin, and Miss Butler, *A Regency Visitor* remains an absorbing book. Miss Butler herself has identified many of the persons formerly disguised by initials: she also includes an explanatory index, sometimes a trifle *simpliste*, and pictures of Pückler, his park, his wife, and his translator. His own personality, faintly Boswellian but with a touch of the *grand seigneur*, emerges unmistakably; and his account of England in the so-called Age of Elegance is rich with unexpected detail – the fake mermaid at the College of Surgeons – the country gentleman's corpse, stood at his window as his will requested, to overlook his property – the 'selfishness and avarice', the 'repulsive sinister aspect' of the Royal Exchange and the City. Among other things, he describes with cold and fascinating accuracy the formal ritual of dinner, the crush of London parties, and the tyranny of breakfast in the English country-house. Several of these seem familiar today. Even more familiar are the London club armchairs, whose comfort still astonishes the Continent; the prostitutes, 'unhappy women with whom London swarms'; the fog, the climate where 'I have felt perpetually unwell'; the 'continual intrusion of the newspapers into the affairs of private life'; the inadequacy of 'an open fire in my airy and many-windowed room'; the 'aversion which Englishmen show to addressing an unknown person'; the 'extreme cleanliness of the houses'; the snobbery and philistinism of fashionable life. Some of these reflections, no doubt, explain the fury that Pückler's book aroused in England. He might have been more popular if in writing he'd remembered the precept he devised for the traveller's behaviour: 'In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many; and in England, don't spit.'

RICHARD MAYNE

Shorter Reviews

The Mind of the Murderer. By W. LINDESAY NEUSTATTER. *Christopher Johnson.* 25*s.*

In this book Dr Neustatter conducts a psychiatric inquiry into the etiology of murder for the benefit of the average intelligent layman. The behaviour of some of our most notorious murderers in recent years is subjected to professional scrutiny and classified under the appropriate label of mental disorder: Heath a psychopath, Ley a paranoiac, Straffen a mental defective, Bennet a schizophrenic, Giffard another psychopath, Christie a hysteric and so on. In many of the cases analysed Dr Neustatter speaks from personal knowledge, having been called to give expert evidence for the defence, yet he often found himself frustrated in the witness-box by the ridiculous McNaughten Rules, under which a murderer may be as mad as a hatter but if the judge does not like his form of madness he may be sentenced to death. For whatever the legal theory behind the Rules that is how they work in practice.

In spite of the Homicide Act of 1957, the Rules are still with us: and the question of a murderer's insanity at Broadmoor level will still be decided by the Judge and not by Dr Neustatter. 'Diminished responsibility' will have to be pleaded for all psychopaths in future, with reels of encephalograms displayed in court and confident psychiatric backing. Yet even this ingenious means of circumventing the homicidal inclinations of judges lands the abnormal murderer in the wrong place – in prison. The case of schizophrenic Bennet in this book should serve as a warning. Bennet served a prison term for a homicide 'with diminished responsibility' in Scotland. 'He was released to kill again' in England and relegated to Broadmoor, his proper destination in the first place. As long as McNaughten rules the roost, a

A Scottish Coxswain

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psychiatric inquiry into the minds of High Court Judges will be needed to remedy the situation. Only those certified as ready to drive a coach and four through the Rules should be allowed to try murder cases.

R. P.

A Gathering of Fugitives. By LIONEL TRILLING. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

This collection of essays is slighter than we normally expect of Professor Trilling and lighter in tone. Most of them are from the magazine of a relatively highbrow book club on whose selection committee the author serves, the other members being W. H. Auden and Jacques Barzun. They are, in other words, pieces of literary journalism, essays in introduction and appreciation, and as such they are very good indeed, with an unexpected wit and ease of manner. Other essays come from the *New Yorker*. Among the writers considered are E. M. Forster, Zola, Robert Graves, Dickens, Edmund Wilson, Freud, C. P. Snow, David Riesman, Henry Adams and Santayana.

For the English reader, much of the interest of the collection will probably spring from the spectacle of Professor Trilling as a mediator between English culture and American. He is especially good, for instance, on the poetry of Graves, whose essential Englishness is perhaps more obvious to an American than it is at home: 'The kitchen and the nursery and the drawing-room are recurrent in Mr Graves's poems not because he is a poet of domesticity, nor because of some lingering piety of Victorianism, but because they stand for a certain kind of actuality which modulates the fierce modern intellectual will. They have the same purpose and effect as the modulation of Mr Graves's language toward the actuality of speech'. As ever, he writes with fine perception on Freud, to whose theories he responds as to tragic poetry. And all the time, whatever the subject touched upon, there is the high moral seriousness which, from Thoreau onwards, has been the central tradition of American intellectual life.

W. A.

Fishes of the World. By EDOUARD LE DANOIS. *Harrap.* 63s.

An abundance of incredible facts expressed in abominable prose; the first full colour-portrait of the Coelacanth (royal blue trimmed with gold); information as densely packed as a phalanx of migrating sardines and organised on principles equally mysterious—these are some of the features of Dr le Danois' book, which is lavishly illustrated, well indexed, and cheap at the price.

He had to choose a selection from 30,000 known varieties of fish and he has done well. The innocent Friday herring that are distinguished by 'races'—ranging from the *boreal* with fifty-eight vertebrae to the *Irish* with a bare fifty-six—swim through his book along with the terrible muskellunge-pike eight feet long, turning the scales at sixty pounds, and the still more terrible piranha—a pretty little blue thing with scarlet gills, a shoal of which can strip an ox to the bare bone in less than a minute. C. L.

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1437.

Set by Graeme Chivers

A recent *Times* article on American comic strips described the American ideal as a 'General who was an orphan at six, had polio at ten, licked it in five years, made an all-American tackle at 21, and a million by thirty'. The usual prizes are offered for an equally succinct account of the career of a typical English, Scots, French, Russian, German or Italian ideal character. Limit 30 words; entries by 24 September.

Result of 1,434. **Set by G. W. Stonier**

Throughout the recent market strike, Covent Garden was referred to in BBC news bulletins as 'Coven Garden' (to rhyme with *'oven'*). Other superiorities commonly met with are *'crawss'* for 'cross', *'starnch'* for 'staunch', and so on. We offer the usual prizes for a poem of not more than 10 lines making the best use of such mispronunciations.

Report

Several correspondents have addressed me personally, both in public and private, deploring an attempt—as they see it—to standardise speech. One of them inherited *crawss* from his mother and *cross* from his father, and presumably employs both according to his degree of crossness. I'll pass over *Stowiah* and *phoniah*. Do I want to standardise speech—I, by birth (to rhyme with *wily 'un*) Australian? 'Lorst and gorn, lorst and gorn' seems to me a perfect way of beginning a lamentation; the tones hover between Cockney and U, and if one could keep up the equivocation for several verses they would have a rare cachet.

In general, whatever gives more colour to speech is welcome; what pales it is modish and apt to be ridiculous. Competitors such as A. M. Sayers were quick to the point and the rhyme.

'You should cultivate a hubby',
Said the bishop to the gels,
But was none the less astonished
When they answered him with yells. . . .

So many were so good that I have had more than the usual difficulty in choosing. In a less competitive week these might have been lucky: E. B. C. Jones, Arabella Snonk, Imp, Anon, Allan M. Laing, H. A. C. Evans, Eileen Heywood. The five winners below divide the prizes equally:

Although things alter much of late,
There is no place like London, quite.
Despite the fume, the noise, the jar,
A land of promise still is here.
Increasing crowds, the constant din
Of engines, where street-cries had been,
Are outward signs which fail to dwarf
The times when we were better-off.
And still this pathway to the stars
Is paved with gold and strewn with flowers.

W. G. DAISH

She was a prootty as a flah,
The sawt of gel that men admah—
Lived in a chawming little flat,
Contempory, essentric and all that.
She misconstrewed too orf-ten, praps,
The heterodginous marss of chaps
With equivocal bonar fydes
Who bought her jools and tewk her rides.

MORAL

What's lawst and gawn wont come agen,
Sing allelulya and aymen.

(Eksettra)

MILES TOMALIN

Disgust is marked upon my face
When I hear someone say 'How *nice*!'

When told of things that happen *orphan*,
I likewise think it's very poor fun.

And any man, I think, should swing
Who talks about a *dahmond* ring.

Official meetings, too, I bar
Where anybody takes the *char*.

Earth's dark without a sign of dawn
When people say the sun has *gawn*.

WILLY TADPOLE

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Since its appearance in 1952, the Revised Standard Version has not been available in an edition priced at less than thirty shillings—due, understandably, to the high cost of financing this translation over a preparatory period of fifteen years. But, within five years of publication, the world sales of the RSV have exceeded 5,000,000 copies, so that it is now possible to publish a cloth-bound edition at 12s 6d

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A forceful horse
Contrived to toss
A simply awf-
ul country toff.
The horse was coarse
to toss its boss
Beside the barn
Upon his stern.
He sold the horse
(Though at a loss).

DAVID BUTLER

THE TWEEDIES

You can hear us down in Rumsey,
In Cuventry or Crewe,
Not very awfen clumsy
But definitely 'U';
The Colonel puts it well acrawss,
So too the Vicar's gel,
We tweedy folk are ne'er at lawss
At garden fête or sale.
We're definitely ruling class – let STATESMAN readers scoff –
They should hear the flars of speech when we are playing goff!

P. W. R. FOOT

City Lights

Transatlantic Breeze Up

Nothing but the City's mood has changed. The result of last month's speculative orgy has sobered the last reveller. Germany's EPU surplus rose to the monstrous level of $281m.: the sterling area's gold reserve dropped by $225m. and will drop another $133m. this month when the EPU deficit comes up for settlement. The pattern of ordinary commercial payments is usually unfavourable in the autumn, and sterling remains weak.

But the artificial pressure has eased off, the speculative fever is subsiding. The City has suddenly become obsessed by a more serious problem than the reshuffling of European exchange rates – the imminent possibility of a world dollar shortage.

Wall Street is still falling. The US credit squeeze is getting tighter and production shows no sign yet of recovery. People are coming reluctantly round to the view that the Federal Reserve is willing to risk a small recession for the sake of winning its fight against inflation. The risk may be justified, in domestic terms. But the world is already short of dollars and struggling with payments difficulties. The US trade surplus is already rising while foreign aid declines, commodity prices have already fallen. Even a small US recession now could have unpleasant results for the rest of us (though it might succeed in pushing Britain into Europe). The City, certainly, is worried.

* * *

Stock markets, in their jumbled way, are reflecting all this—and Syria as well. Prices have not moved much, but there is now a noticeable tendency for industrial shares to fall and for gilt-edged stocks to recover. The argument, if it had yet come to an argument, would run something like this. If we are in for a spell of deflation, it is better to have one's money in fixed-interest stocks than in equities; if we carry on as we are, industrial profit margins are likely to feel the pinch of rising costs (oh! those railwaymen!), while gilt-edged have already fallen sharply. The money has to go somewhere, and it is not going into equities. Gilt-edged are recovering, in spite of the rise in bill rate, and the new Esso debenture has gone to a nice little premium.

The latest news from the big companies seems to justify this trend. Unilever's half-year profits have fallen sharply in spite of a further rise in sales. Rank's profits are down, General Electric has made it clear that the pressure on profit margins is likely to continue. Even the long-awaited increase in Alfred Herbert's dividend has come at a time when nationalisation of the machine-tool industry is suddenly very much in the air.

The one very good result has come from the Royal Dutch Shell group, which once again has widened its profit margins as well as increasing its sales: its net earnings, which were 27 per cent. above 1956 in the first quarter, were 35 per cent. above 1956 in the second. Ripley might note that the group's sales income for these three months was nearly as great as the sterling area's gold reserve.

* * *

The Stock Exchange Council, having recognised the existence of bond-washing, has now recognised the existence of take-over bids and 'shell' operations and is bringing its rules up to date. Companies wanting a Stock Exchange quotation will now have to provide more information before permission to deal in their shares is granted. If a new subsidiary is acquired, for example, the Stock Exchange will want to know the details, and it may want shareholders to be circularised with the details as well. If a company makes an issue, it will have to supply information about its financial position and its trading prospects: investors putting up new money may get a better idea than they always got before of the return they can expect on it. When a new company is put into the shell of an old, the same requirements will have to be satisfied as if a new company were applying for a quotation. 'Shareholders', the Council now states, 'have a right to know what directors are doing with their money.'

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The Chess Board

No. 409. How Botvinnik Missed his Dinner

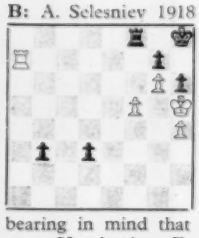
At the Groningen tournament, playing Black against Tartakower, Botvinnik had to worry his head over this adjourned position, and he had just 1½ hours

before play was to be resumed. It was supposed to be the dinner-break, but Botvinnik had no time for food; he had to make quite sure whether or no he could afford to ignore those dangerous pawns on the Q-wing, and he had to work out precisely whether and how he could bring off a forced mating attack. He could and he did. (41) . . . P-R4!; (42) Kt-B4 ch, K-Q4; (43) Kt-K3 ch, K-K5!; (44) P-R4, K-Q6; (45) Kt-Q5 (best), K-K7; (46) Kt-B4 ch, K x P; (47) Kt x P ch! K-B8!!; (48) Kt-B4, P-Kt6; (49) Kt-Kt2 (forced), K-B7; (50) P-R5, P-R5; (51) Kt-B4, K-B8; (52) Kt-Kt2, P-R6; (53) Kt-K3 ch, K-B7; (54) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-K7, etc. This is one of 197 interesting and very instructive endings listed in D. A. Yanofsky's *How to Win End-games* (*Pitman*, 15*s*.). A useful little book, and while it deals with P- and minor piece endings only it is good to know that a companion volume on R- and Q endings is in preparation. I hope there is still time to give it an index, and it would certainly be a boon for the reader if the main lines were to be italicised or in some other way distinguished from the bracketed alternative lines. As it is, the typographical uniformity of the present volume is somewhat confusing. Apart from this one grouch I have nothing but praise for the author's lucid explanation of the basic ideas to be grasped in certain types of ending and the technique required to deal with them. The examples, most of them from fairly recent master-practice, are well selected, and with so much to choose from I might as well pick one of the author's own. Here's the crucial position in Kramer-Yanofsky, Beverwijk 1952. /16/4k1p1/8/Ktp1b2P1/3b4/3B2Kp/8/. Obviously, the Kt is doomed, but Black still faces the problem of how to save his remaining P from being exchanged. Moreover, he will have to get his K into a more dominating position. Play continued (42) . . . B-QB7; (43) B x P, B x Kt; (44) B-Q2 (best), B-Q8; (45) P-R3, B-K4; (46) K-B2, K-Q4; (47) K-K1, B-R5; (48) K-B2, B-Q2; (49) K-B3, B-KB3; (50) K-Kt3, K-K5!; (51) B-B1, B-K4 ch; (52) K-R4, B-B5; (53) B-R3, B-K1; (54) B-K7, K-B6; (55) B-B6, P-Kt4 ch!; etc.

A: F. Giegold 1928

The 4-pointer is a game-position, in which Black forced a neat mate in 5. To facilitate this for beginners I had better add that Black can usefully rid himself of his cumbrous Rook. B and C (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White, the former very easy, the latter not too difficult either when

B: A. Selesniev 1918



C: V. Halberstadt 1931

bearing in mind that *zugzwang* plays an important part. Usual prizes. Entries by Sept. 23.

REPORT on No. 405. Set 17 August

A: Q-Q4 wins at once.

B: (1) B-R4 ch, KxB (or perp. ch.); (2) P-Kt3 ch, K-Kt4; (3) P-B4 ch, K-B3; (4) P-Q3 ch, K-Q2; (5) P-K6 ch, KxB (or any); (6) P-B5 and draws.

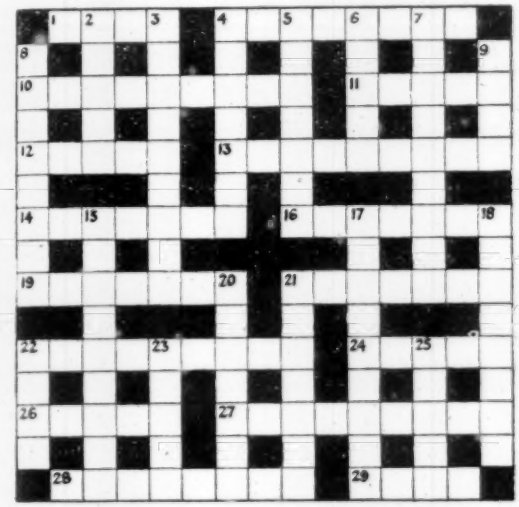
C: (1) R-K8 ch, K-Kt2; (2) B-R6 ch, K-R2; (3) B-Q2!, P-K6 (best); (4) B-B3, P – Q ch; (5) K-B7!, Q-R7 ch; (6) K-B8, Q-R6 ch; (7) K-Kt8, Q-R7 ch; (8) B-K5, Q-QKt7 ch!; (9) KxP, P-Kt4; (10) R-R8 ch, K-Kt3; (11) BxQ, PxB; (12) R-R1 etc.

An easy batch and lots of flawless solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. P. Ford, A. E. Harris, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 268

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 268, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 24 Sept.



ACROSS

1. Fashionable as Marx almost (4).
4. Give the sack before the job starts: it may necessitate immediate retirement (8).
10. Explain the printer's correction and in French too (9).
11. Regal composer (5).
12. 'O ——, ——, how art thou fishified!' (*Romeo & Juliet*) (5).
13. Philosopher who may make the total rise (9).
14. Cut the serious dead (7).
16. Brave in sampling all antidotes (7).
19. Penny vessel established as the most obscure (7).
21. Election candidate with means of getting in for a squalid district (7).
22. Food — or what about a drink with me? (9).
24. A number take part in the excavation (5).
26. Rear is in back part of body (5).
27. Clean home redesigned for a changeable creature (9).
28. Is frightened about the symbols of cowardice (8).
29. A prophet turns back for a godly drink (4).

DOWN

2. Town featured among the reasons why they go to the seaside (5).
3. Animal variations for orchestra (9).
4. Send on for one under protection (7).
5. There is nothing sober in boxing becoming corrupt (7).
6. Seize the remainder, by the sound of it (5).
7. Player who has the privilege to gamble (9).
8. Scattered a number if blended (8).
9. Something which grows in the middle of the road (4).
15. Rates vary among the cheap non-specialists (9).
17. One who washes has finally to take her clothes off (9).
18. Meeting to attempt to inflict pain (9).
20. Syrup mainly a mixture of claret (7).
21. Persian governors for rising Greek cities? (7).
22. Pull up part of the hospital (4).
23. Build with a hundred and nine as materials (5).
25. 'Whither is fled the visionary——?' (Wordsworth) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 266

H	I	P	P	O	D	R	O	M	E	■	S	T	O	P
O	■	I	■	C	■	O	■	A	■	T	■	I	■	E
P	O	L	I	T	I	C	■	T	R	I	M	M	E	D
S	■	L	■	E	■	K	■	A	■	P	■	P	■	A
■	P	O	R	T	S	A	I	D	■	S	L	A	N	G
P	■	W	■	■	L	■	O	■	T	■	N	■	O	■
R	E	S	T	F	U	L	■	R	E	A	D	I	N	G
O	■	■	A	■	■	F	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	■
P	I	C	A	S	S	O	■	A	F	F	A	B	L	E
A	■	H	■	T	■	P	■	R	■	■	U	■	S	■
G	R	A	I	N	■	O	P	T	I	M	I	S	T	■
A	■	R	■	E	S	■	I	■	E	H	■	E	■	■
N	E	M	E	S	I	S	■	S	W	A	Y	I	N	G
D	■	E	■	S	U	■	A	■	N	■	D	■	G	■
A	I	R	E	■	E	M	A	N	A	T	I	O	N	S

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YOUNG lady, A.R.C.M., teacher of music studying singing in Cologne, would like part-time position with German or British family there. Musical tuition, governess, domestic help. Box 4861.

TENTATIVE advertiser wonders would quiet-voiced woman inveterately tactfully interested animals consider room, Devon, few weeks, return occas. help disabled woman (writer) nearby cottage? Prob. also essential no aversion med. poetry, painting. Box 5054.

GUITAR week-end with Garfield-Howe Group (including Beginners), Oct. 4, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Inspiration & Mysticism," Oct. 11-18, "Autumn Painting & Sketching."

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. Rehearsals of Bach's Christmas Oratorio (for Festival Hall performance), Purcell's Te Deum, Britten's St. Nicholas, each Wednesday, 8-10 p.m. Some vacancies for singers in all voices. Apply: Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3. HAM. 1688.

XANTHOCHROID or xenophil, stumped for a present for Uncle Bill? Try a portrait by Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8. MAI. 3200.

BABY-sitting, etc., 2-3 evngs. week offered in part exchange central accom. Sheridan, 10 South Molton Street, W.1.

FINAL year Eng. student (British overseas) desperately needs £200. Would repay £250 in 3 years or before. Box 4972.

RESEARCH, indexing, proofing, etc., promptly performed by young man with first-class Oxford degree. Box 4928.

IF you would still like to speak Italian effortlessly in three months, 'phone Setogni, WEL. 7411 & 7412.

AUTUMN Holidays. You can still be included on one of our September or October sunshine parties to Southern Spain and the Balearics, North Italian Lakes, Venice & Florence, or Paris. Details of these, individual Autumn or Winter sunshine arrangements and Winter Sports holidays from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

COMPOSER of high-grade Crossword Puzzles and relevant clues ("Times" style) seeks weekly contract. Box 4808.

EXPERIENCED Research Worker for B.B.C., T.V. and Press, Dr. Phil., offers research work for writers, politicians, industry. Phone MALden 2543 or write Box 5050.

FURN. chalet, warm, e.l. Use bthrm. Sussex gdn. Suit writer. Mod. Box 5061.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

PERSONAL—continued

CAN anyone provide expd. & imaginative journalist with enough literary or hack work to live on in country? Box 5178.

ARTIST wants London house. Freehold, vacant, quiet, garden, large rooms. Cash purchaser. Box 5092.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair". Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

SHORT Story Writing—Writing for Radio and T.V. Learn the modern techniques of Short Story and Script preparation. You are taught plot development, how to express your ideas colourfully and effectively, and how to sell. Directed talent spells success! Write to: The Registrar (Dept. DD9), Mercer's Correspondence College, 69 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

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REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44, Monmouth St., W.C.2.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

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LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., E.2. SHOreditch 3889/6040.

SCIENCE-RELIGION. Booklet 2s. Cheap ed. 1s. Post 6d. S.R., 30 City Rd., E.C.1.

PERSONAL—continued

HOW to write and sell. Send to-day for Free Folder "What's In It For You." The Writer, 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

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ENJOY Sunny Days and a late holiday. Book now for late September onwards at Normanhurst the small, friendly Hotel in South Coast resort noted for mild climate. 6/9 gns. weekly, fully inclusive. No gratuities. Vegtn. if desired. Illustrated brochures on request. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Few vacs. Sept. 7 gns. Everything home-made.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities; sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

AUTUMN holidays for the country-lover. Good food, warmth, pleasant companionship at Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. From 8½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

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GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Oxford St., W.1. GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc. from our ground floor boutique.

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FOOD AND DRINK—continued

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AN Outstanding book of world-wide interest! "Nehru's India" by T. S. Bawa. "Revealing . . . entertaining." Winnipeg Tribune. 20 reviews to date. 19s. 6d., postage free. Freeland Publications (P), Ltd., Post Box 343, New Delhi.

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LABOUR'S controversial policy documents on industry analysed by R. Palme Dutt and Margot Heinemann. Also "Light on Krupp's," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., in September Labour Monthly. 1s. 6d. all agents; 9s. half yearly from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, N.3.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

OF "Christ and the Apostles", by F. M. Godfrey, recently published by The Studio, The Church Times said, "This is a superb volume, of real value to students of European art, and with an instant appeal to the eye and intellect of the Christian reader." From all booksellers 45s. net.

"WELFARE, Freedom and Inflation," by Wilhelm Röpke. "This is indeed a tract for our times"—from Graham Hutton's long introductory essay. Out end Sept. 3s. 6d. paper, 7s. 6d. cloth. Order now from your bookseller. Pall Mall Press Ltd., 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

HEFFER'S Catalogue 704: New and second-hand books on gardens for the specialist and layman: free on application to W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Petty Cury, Cambridge.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

SECOND-Hand Books, Records, posted. Lists. Silverdale, 1146 Argyle St. Glasgow.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

6s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. 6d. extra. Semi-display £4 10s. per single column inch. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MINISTRY of Works: Assistant Inspector of ancient monuments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite application for two pensionable posts in London or Edinburgh. Age at least 23 on September 1, 1957. Candidates must have a University Degree and an enthusiasm for archaeology, preferably with some practical experience. Some knowledge of general historical background from neolithic age to 19th century necessary. Some acquaintance with the principles of architectural construction and the development of architectural style in the middle ages and later periods, particularly Georgian, an advantage. Candidates must be physically fit for active duties. London salary scale £605—£1,055 (from £20—£30 lower in Edinburgh). Women's scale above £605 is slightly lower but is being improved to reach equality with the men's scale by 1961. Higher starting pay for those with approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory Forces service. Promotion prospects. 5-day week. The salary scales are now subject to an increase of the order of 5 per cent. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4754/57. Application forms to be returned by September 30, 1957.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Birmingham to assist in preparation of Regional News programmes for Sound and Television. Good educational background, journalistic experience, capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure, good news sense, and ability to write accurate, concise reports for bulletins and to broadcast if necessary their own reports in Sound and Television News essential. Knowledge of Midland affairs an advantage. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.362 N. Stm., should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant News Editor in Manchester. Duties include collection and writing of News stories for, and production of Television and Sound News bulletins, and production of those topicality programmes which come within the scope of the News Department. Professional reporting and sub-editorial experience essential. The work demands ability to assess a visual story, to write factual material for use with film sequences and to brief cameramen. Thorough knowledge of the North of England an advantage. Holder of post will act as deputy to the News Editor and must, therefore, be capable of taking full editorial and administrative responsibility for the News Department when necessary. Salary £1,325 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,705 p.a. max. If no fully qualified candidate available, initial appointment may be at a lower grade. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.341 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale—New South Wales. Applications are invited for the positions of Lecturer (new position), and Temporary Lecturer in German. The commencing salary for the Lectureship will be fixed within the range £A1,200 × £A80—£A1,750, plus cost of living allowance £A70 (males) and £A53 (females), according to qualifications and experience. Applicants for the Temporary Lectureship must be of German birth and education and must be recent graduates of a German University in the Faculty of Arts or Letters. The appointment will be for a period of two years commencing not later than March, 1958. The Temporary Lecturer will be required to give instruction as the Head of the Department requires, which will be mainly in history of literature, discussion of texts and the conduct of conversation classes. The salary will be fixed within the limits of £A1,200-£A1,750, plus cost of living as above. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applics. in Australia and London, is Oct. 12, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economics. The Lecturer will be primarily concerned with external (correspondence) students, but he will be encouraged to assist in internal teaching and research. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience within the range of £A1,200 × £A80—£A1,750, plus cost of living adjustment of at present £A70 (males) and £A53 (females). Provision for superannuation, payment of fares and removal expenses, assistance under staff housing scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 12, 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for two appointments as Sectional Education Officer in the Northern and the North-Western Sections, the headquarters of which are in Newcastle upon Tyne and Manchester respectively. The Sectional Education Officer will be required to represent the Education Department in the Section and to be responsible for the development of Co-operative Education, including the Co-operative Youth Movement and Adult and Technical Education. Salary in the scale £667 × £26 5s. to £825; the commencing salary fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. to whom applications should be returned not later than September 30, 1957.

HAMPSHIRE. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties, consisting of advisory work in the schools and diagnostic work in the County's Child Guidance Clinic and Remand Homes, will be carried out within the framework of the Authority's School Psychological Service. Candidates must hold a degree of Psychology, and have had approved clinical training. Teaching experience is essential. Salary: Man £950-£1,150, Woman £860-£1,020, plus equal pay increment. An officer using his or her own car when travelling on County Council duties will receive travelling allowance on the County scale for the time being in force. Forms of application, with further particulars of the appointment, may be obtained from the undersigned (send s.a.e.) and should be returned not later than September 28, 1957. R. M. Marsh, County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Deputy Headship. Malory School, Launcelot Road, Downham, Bromley, Kent. Headmaster: E. E. McCarthy, M.A. New secondary school for 1,650 boys and girls opening Easter 1958, first main intake of pupils September, 1958. Mistress as Deputy Head required in January. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £450. Provision for academic courses, including some leading to G.C.E. ("O," "A" and "S" levels) and courses in preparation for advanced studies in engineering and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and variety of teaching experience and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10(SR) (Malory) from (s.a.e. f'scap.) and returnable to Divisional Officer, 83 Peckham Road, S.E.5, by September 27 (1682).

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Children's Visitors. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for vacancies due to increased establishment. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.II—£609 17s. 6d.-£691 17s. 6d., plus £20 temporary excess rate. Applicants should hold university qualification in Social Science and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Additional salary increment to holders of Home Office Certificate. Male applicants qualified to supervise senior boys may be considered for Grade A.P.T.III. Further particulars from: Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. Closing date: Sept. 26, '57.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Department. Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre- and after-care in the Community Care Service, reqd. initially in West Central Division, Southall, Feltham, Hayes & Harlington, Ruislip-Northwood, Staines, Sunbury, Uxbridge, Yiewsley, etc. Good office accommodation & clerical assistance available. Post offers scope & interest in this field of Psychiatric Social Work. P.T.A. salary & quals. Established, subject to medical assessment. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply, stating age, quals., exper. & names of two referees, to County Medical Officer, Ref. "S," 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, Westminster, S.W.1, by September 25. (Quote W.17, N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from trained Social Workers and Psychiatric Social Workers in connection with two pioneer hostels for E.S.N School Leavers to be opened in the London area, one for boys and one for girls. The first hostel for boys is likely to open early in 1958. Experience of working with young people essential. Salary within the P.S.W. or Social Worker scale, point of entry to be determined by experience. Applications with names of two referees to: The General Secretary, The National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 5084.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 4568.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Wardens of Soham and Swavesey Village Colleges. Applications are invited from well qualified graduates for appointment as Wardens of: 1. Soham Village College. To be opened at the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1958, with 390 boys and girls in the Secondary Modern School (Group VII). 2. Swavesey Village College. To be opened at the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1958; with 300 boys and girls in the Secondary Modern School (Group VI). The Cambridgeshire Village Colleges can briefly be described as Community Centres containing Secondary Modern Schools, and accommodation reserved and furnished for the sole use of young people and adults of the groups of villages they serve. The Warden is the Head of the School, and has general oversight of the programme of Further Education in the area served by the College. He is assisted in this latter work by an organising Tutor for Further Education. His salary is in accordance with the Burnham Scale for Teachers in Secondary Schools, plus £200 a year for the supervision of Further Education (recognised for superannuation by the Ministry of Education). A house is available at a reasonable rent. Forms of application (and statement of particulars) can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom they should be returned by September 27, 1957. When asking for application forms candidates should name the post or, in order of preference, posts for which they wish to be considered. Candidates who have already applied for the above posts, and who still wish to be considered, need not submit fresh applications. G. D. Edwards, Chief Education Officer.

KINGSTON upon Hull Education Authority. Regional College of Art and Crafts. Principal: S. I. Hemming, A.R.C.A. (Lond.), F.R.S.A. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer from artists able to teach Painting and Drawing to an advanced level. Some ability to lecture on the History of Art would be an added qualification. The appointment is to take effect from January 1, 1958. Salary: Burnham Technical Scale, £1,200 × £30—£1,350 for men; £960 × £24—£1,080 for women with appropriate equal pay increments. Further particulars and application forms, to be returned by September 28, 1957, will be supplied by the Chief Education Officer, Guildhall, Kingston upon Hull.

SMALL group helping Problem Families require a Secretary for Administration including Minutes, Correspondence & Accounts. Sal. £450 min. Further details: Stepney Family Service Unit, 71 Vallance Rd., E.1.

EXPERIENCED and efficient school secretary reqd. Sept. Vacancy owing to illness. Recogn. School, N.W. Lond. Box 4847.

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for new handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

SECRETARY for South Herts College office; the work includes dealing with registration and records of students, financial and statistical returns, answering enquiries from students, employers and the general public. Three evening duties per week are required during term time until 8 p.m. in lieu of which there are free afternoons. Proficiency in shorthand and typing is essential. The post provides excellent experience for someone interested in academic office administration. Salary and conditions for Local Government Clerical Grade I, including London area allowance. Applics. in writing to the Principal, Sth Herts College of Further Education, Wood Street, Barnet, Herts.

LONDON County Council. Part-time Educational Psychologist required for eight sessions a week at Queen's Road Centre, Peckham, London, S.E.15. Duties include liaison work with schools. Qualifications required Degree in psychology, clinical training and teaching experience. Fee £2 4s. 5d. a session (rate under review). Application by letter, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/K.), The County Council, London, S.E.1, by September 28, 1957.

ENGLISH secretary with good knowledge of Swedish required. Academic training an advantage. Apply in writing, with full particles of quals. to The Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3.

WELL-educated Shorthand-Typist aged 22-25. Progressive salary plus Luncheon Vouchers. 9-5.30. No Sats. Pension Scheme. Write or phone R.N.I.B., 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1. EUS. 5251.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details, Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

WE now offer attractive well-paid temporary jobs by the week or part-time in all the best districts. Let us help you to choose the one that suits you. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951.

SECRETARY/translator, perfect Argentine Spanish, good Engl. sh./typ. speeds. Interesting post. £550 p.a. Secretaries International, 19 Orchard St., W.1. WEL. 2097.

PUBLISHERS require junior assistant (f.) in editorial department: typing but no shorthand. 5 day week. Apply Staff Manager, Faber & Faber, 24 Russell Sq., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TUTOR. Single, Protestant, for residential post at Adult Education College. Degree in History, English or Economics. Salary by agreement. Apply: Principal, Kingsgate College (Y.M.C.A.), Broadstairs, Kent, stating age and experience.

KODAK Ltd. require advertising copywriter. Experience not necessary but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Write Kodak Ltd., Dept. 125a, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

LOUGHBOROUGH Constituency Labour Party. Consequent upon the death of their previous Agent, after 20 years' service, the Loughborough Constituency Labour Party invite applications for the post of full time Secretary/Agent. Conditions of service in accordance with the national agreement. A higher salary will be considered for a suitable applicant. Application forms are obtainable from Mrs. E. Price, The Labour Party, Unity House, Fennel Street, Loughborough.

MARKS & Spencer, Ltd., invite applications from women between the ages of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory period would vary according to age and experience but would not be less than £500 p.a. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, marking the envelope "S.M."

UNIVERSITIES & Left Review Coffee House, opening October, requires staff. Apply Box 5176.

SOCIALIST organisation (central London) requires Librarian. Box 5177.

MARKET Research Investigators (women) required for intermittent interviewing work in London and the Southern counties. Applicants must be based on London, but be able to spend nights away from home. Age 24-45. Apply Personnel Officer, 51 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, Beaumont St., W.1. Shorthand/Typists required. A Knowledge of Psychiatric Medical Terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £374 to £468, according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview Tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

HOUSE Parents required, Adolescent Spastic Centre, congenial surroundings, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

ABLE Secretary and personal assistant to Chief Executive of progressive national social service body. Cultured, effective, and brisk. Apply by post to The Secretary, Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London, S.W.1.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

SECRETARY-Receptionist wanted for Otterburn Hall (a holiday and conference centre) to start work sometime in October. Shorthand and typing essential, some knowledge of bookkeeping desirable. Resident post, good salary and living accommodation. Please apply, by Sept. 21, encl. copies of 3 recent testimonials or names of referees, to Sec., Otterburn Hall, Otterburn, Northumberland.

SECRETARY 20/30 reqd. for well-known West End booksellers. No Sats. Portman Bureau, 78 George St. W.1. HUN. 0676.

TEMPORARY Sht.-Typists for periodic work. Top rates. Also many good permanent vacs. Railton Agency, MAY. 0928.

COOK-Housekeeper reqd. by Staffordshire business family. 3 adults and 3 other staff kept. Spacious living accommodation and gd. sal. Similar positions available. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff m. or f. are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

HIGHLY qualified secretary, first-rate exper. and refs., French, Spanish if required, seeks interesting post (poss. part-time) pref. connected with Fine Art. Box 4951.

FED up with teaching, presentable woman (29), perfect English, German, mod. Hebrew, used to responsibility; learning shorth./typ., interested psychology, sociology, science, welcomes offers. Willing travel. Anything reas. considered. Box 5079.

NEWNHAM M.A. with 9 years' secretarial & similar experience seeks livelihood in Christian context at home or abroad. Enjoys people, places, literature, music & worthwhile work. Box 5156.

QUALIFIED Spanish teacher (m.) urg. sks. work; willing teach school, family, etc., or any suggestions acceptable. Box 5117.

SPANIARD (m., 28), fluent French, some English inr. teaching, interpreting experience, sks. position London Oct. Box 5114.

INTELL. woman, 50's, wants p/t. job. Good typist also shrthnd. CUN. 5486 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

TRAINING FOR YOUTH AND JUNIOR GROUP LEADERS

The London Co-operative Society invites applications from persons aged 17 years and over for enrolment in a six months' part-time training course for which no fees will be charged.

Applicants should be resident in the London Co-operative Society area and should preferably be members of the London Co-operative Society, of a Trade Unions Organisation or of the Labour Party.

Further particulars and application forms from The Education Secretary (R.W.), London Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Department, 13 Soho Square, London, W.1.

CRIMINOLOGY and the Psychology of Delinquency: 26 Lectures starting Sept. 23; fee 30s.; examination optional. Also London Univ. Extension Lectures on Social History and Psychological Aspects of Society for Diploma in Sociology; 2 Courses 24 Lectures, fee 25s. each. Details: Deputy Gen. Secretary, Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1. MAY. 0632.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. Week-end Lecture School, Sept. 19-22. High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. "Delinquency—a Problem of Our Time". Speakers: Phyllis Bottome, James Hemming & others. Partics.; Conf. Secy., 42 Fortune Green Rd., N.W.6. Non-members welc.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 23 (enrolment 5.30-8 Sept. 16-20). Evening lectures and classes for men and women: economics, statistics, current affairs, archæology, history of London, English language and literature, philosophy, psychology, comparative religion, science (inc. photography & microscopy), music (choirs, orchestras, individual tuition, theory, appreciation, etc.), foreign languages, physical training, fencing, ballet & folk dancing, chess. Theatre school. Social and athletic clubs, library, sports ground, canteen. Fees from 21s. 6d. a year. Details from Secretary (WAT. 6872).

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